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Rolling

Issue 1136
August 4, 2011
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The
Neurotic
Zen of
**LARRY
DAVID**

— { PLUS } —
The War Over
Plastic Bags
The DJs Who
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THE VOICE
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"ALL THE SOUNDS THAT FITS"

Farewell to the Big Man

For four decades, Clarence Clemons was the soul-stirring sax man in the E Street Band. Clemons (pictured with Bruce Springsteen in 1978) lived a big, messy life - he married five times - that ended June 18th, when he died of complications from a stroke. "Clarence doesn't leave the E Street Band when he dies," Springsteen said. "He leaves when we die." Read the full tribute on page 24.

CONTENTS

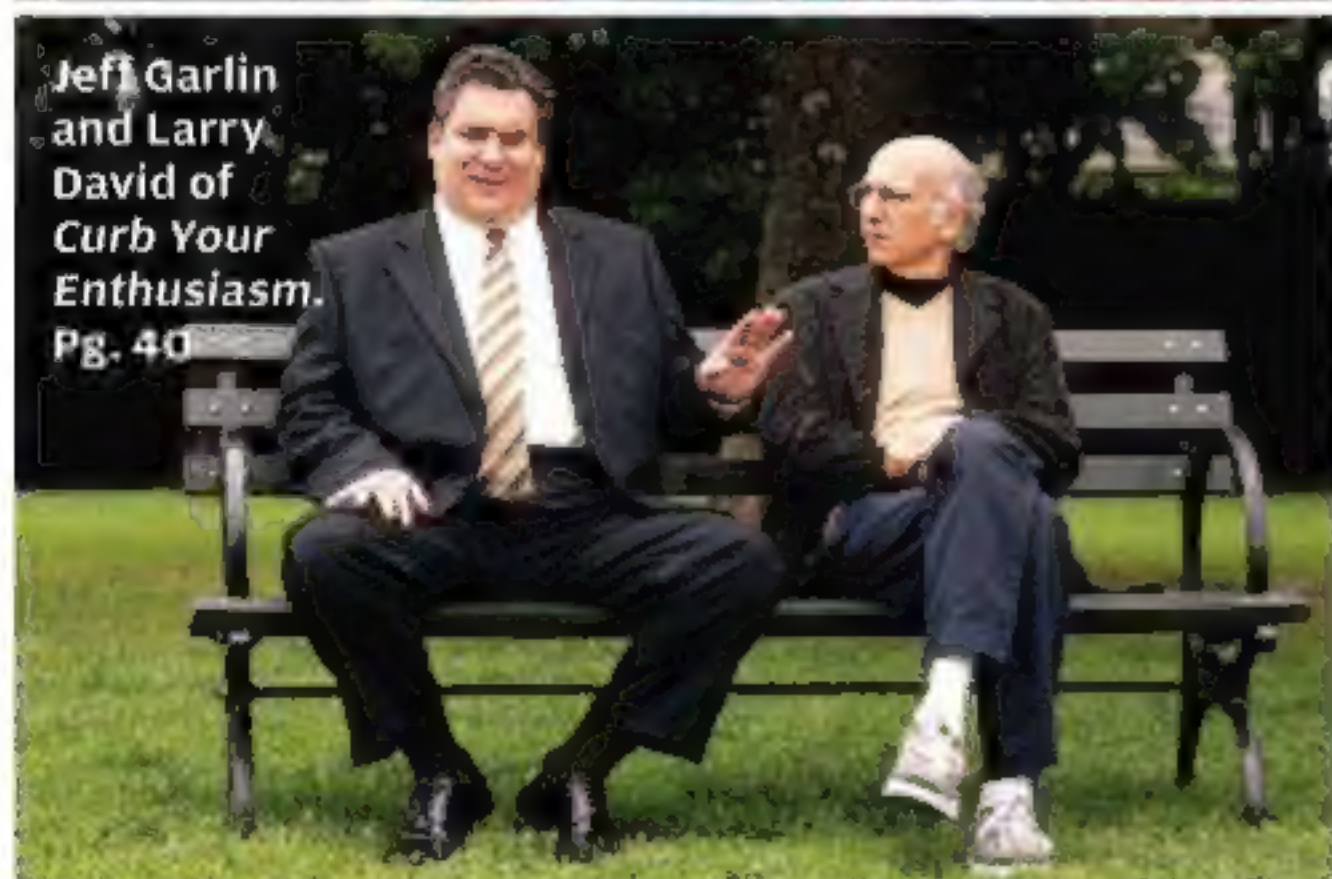
ROLLING STONE | AUGUST 4, 2011



Kid Rock in fighting form at 40. Pg. 30



The next generation of X Games stars. Pg. 61



Jeff Garlin and Larry David of *Curb Your Enthusiasm*. Pg. 40

FEATURES

The Neurotic Zen of Larry David

Bald, rich and anxious is a great way to go through life.

By BRIAN HIATT 40

Voice of America: Javier Colon

He quit the Derek Trucks Band, had two flop LPs and thought his career was over. Then *The Voice* called. By GAVIN EDWARDS.... 46

Mumford & Sons: God, Beer & Banjos

Riding along with the year's biggest new band as it dodges the authorities and meets a Golden God. By JOSH EELLS..... 50

A Conversation With the Dalai Lama

His Holiness discusses his reincarnation and his decision to step down as the head of Tibet. By MELISSA MATHISON..... 54

The New Face of X

The next generation of X Games stars, from a skateboarding phenom to BMX warriors. By JOSH DEAN AND JESSE HYDE. 61

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

The Plastic Bag Wars

The world consumes 1 million plastic bags every minute, and the industry is fighting to keep it that way. By KITT DOUCETTE ... 37

ROCK & ROLL

The Dance Revolution

The business behind the beats that rule the charts..... 17

The State of Digital Music

With Spotify's U.S. debut finally here, the online-music market is changing fast..... 17

Drake's 'Take Care'

Inside the sessions for the Toronto rapper's second LP..... 21

Q&A: Kid Rock

The Detroit rocker celebrates summer with beers, strippers, fireworks and yardwork..... 30

DEPARTMENTS

RANDOM NOTES

Adult Swim

Sammy Hagar says aloha to the fishies in Hawaii; Elvis Costello's hideous shirt..... 32

TELEVISION

The Teflon Doctor

Dr. Drew has risen to fame by wading in the trash heaps of celebrity culture..... 34

RECORD REVIEWS

Blake Shelton

A Nashville pro, as seen on TV. **PLUS:** Lil Wayne, Lloyd, Alicia Keys, Little Dragon..... 69

MOVIES

Harry Potter Hangs Up His Wand

The Potter adventure all ends here in a memorable finale.. 78

ON THE COVER Larry David photographed at Pier 59 Studios West, Santa Monica, California, on June 1st, 2011, by Mark Seliger.

Styling by Annie Psaltiras at the Wall Group. Prop styling by Rick Floyd. Makeup and grooming by Helen Kalognomos. Jacket by Zegna, shirt by James Perse.

"We did them all in one night."

-The Rowdy Roddy Pipers
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BEHIND THE SCENES

Lollapalooza

Photos, videos and live reports as Foo Fighters, Coldplay and more rock Chicago.

The Kings of Hip-Hop

Jay-Z, Lil Wayne, Drake, Eminem, Kanye West: Who takes the crown? We count everything from album sales to Twitter followers to find out which male rapper has dominated the past two years. The answer may surprise you.



PHOTO GALLERIES



David Bowie



Mumford & Sons

BLOGS

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TV

'True Blood' Recaps

Find out which species is winning the supernatural showdown each week.

LIVE

'The Voice' Tour

RS catches up with the hit show's eight finalists at the first stop of their summer tour, in L.A.

VIDEO

Rolling Stone Live

Throwback indie rockers Yuck and folk-rock charmers the Head and the Heart swing by the RS offices to play stripped-down sets.

Q&A

Weezer and the Flaming Lips

We head backstage at the bands' Side-by-Side Tour for an interview with frontmen Rivers Cuomo and Wayne Coyne.

READER POLL



Pop's Best Dancers

See which rockers and pop stars our readers chose as the greatest dancers of all time. Watch clips of the top 10 movers and shakers - including Michael Jackson, Britney Spears and Prince.

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HELP ONE OF THESE ARTISTS GO FROM THE STREET TO THE STAGE!

Street performers, the unsung stars of the entertainment world, are a very generous bunch—focusing their time, talent and energy into the gifting of music to strangers. Whether playing delta blues, classic jazz, folk, pop or rock, the diverse talents in this group have at least one thing in common: all are passionately devoted to bringing music to the people.

Now it's our chance to give a little back—with our votes! Help one of these eight street performers get to the big stage at the Rolling Stone Rock Room in Austin, TX.



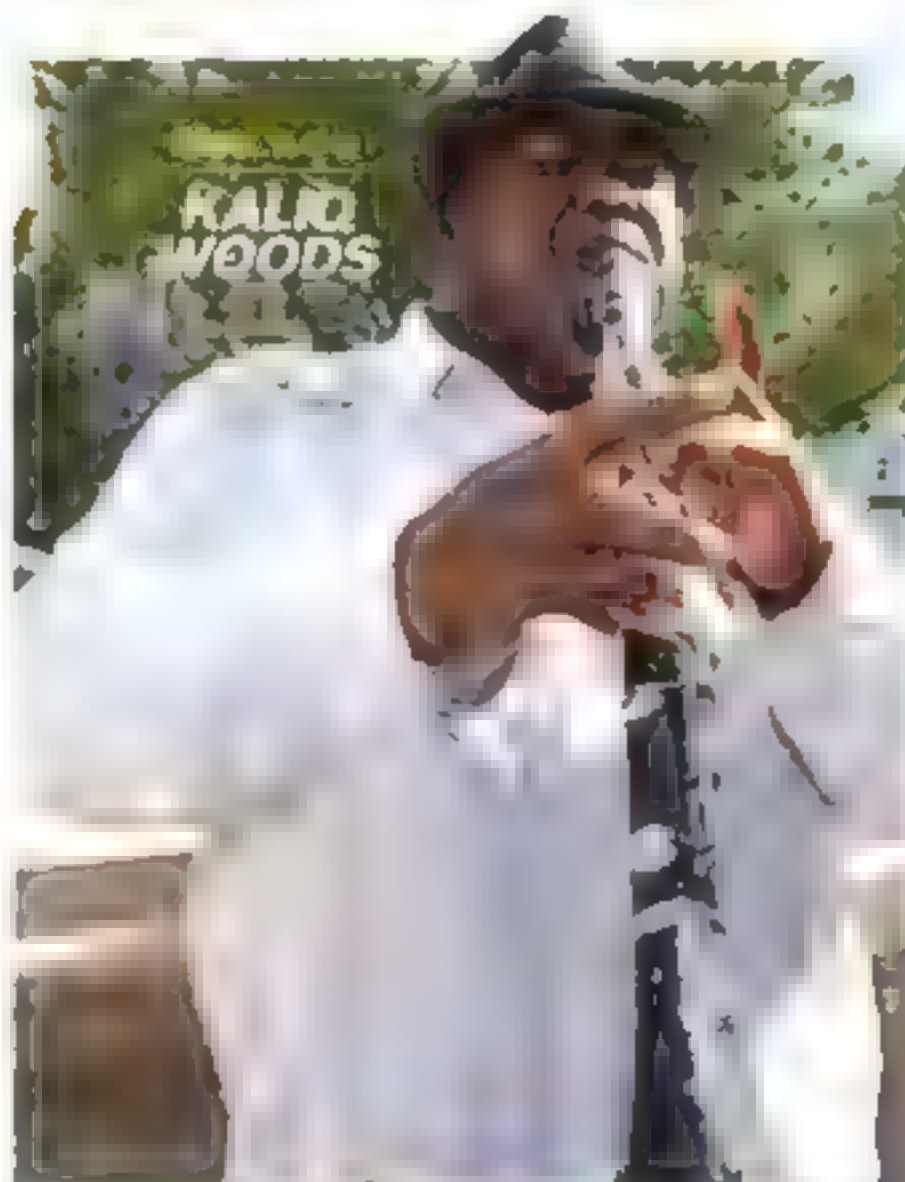
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Zach's Wild Night

YOUR COVER STORY ON Zach Galifianakis ["The High Times and Surreal Life of Zach Galifianakis," RS 1133] is an instant classic. I've read numerous RS interviews over the years featuring the top comedians, but none had me actually laughing out loud like the Galifianakis article. My morning commute on the New York subway turned into a night at Carolines!

Leslie Lemon, Jersey City, NJ

WHAT A GREAT ARTICLE BY Josh Eells. I felt I was hanging out with Galifianakis the whole time I was reading the story – it was Bush-twins-balls funny, insightful, honest and heartfelt, just like Galifianakis himself. He isn't just a comedian – his life is a comedy.

*Michael Tempesta
Via the Internet*

IT'S SO REFRESHING TO see that success hasn't spoiled the bearded comic deity Zach Galifianakis! Your insightful profile not only illuminates how his years in the trenches honed his comedic chutzpah, but shows how his humanity survived the pressures of fame. Galifianakis has the best shot at evolving like Bill Murray, never losing his edge as so many other comedians have done.

Carlton Salter, Trussville, AL

I CRACKED UP NO FEWER than 17 times while reading Eells' article. The story made me wish I was a close friend of Galifianakis – but enjoying his incredible brand of humor from the comfort of my living room will have to do.

Sterling Black, Arvada, CO

THANK YOU FOR THE EXCELLENT piece on Galifianakis. The contrast between his profile and Gaga's couldn't be more stark. While she muses about the perils of stardom and mortality, Galifianakis somehow manages to be both more light-hearted and more serious at the same time.

Jim Dunson, New Orleans

MY KID HAS BEEN BUGGING me about wanting to see *The Hangover* – "Everyone in my class has seen it!" Please tell Zach Galifianakis that I won't let him see it. And I mean it!

Jen Ledger, Lake Placid, NY

I WASN'T GOING TO READ your piece on Galifianakis, but while thumbing through the article, the line about rubbing suntan lotion on his sister caught my attention. Being a Southerner, I was naturally drawn in. Fuckin' funny. If I ever see Zach alone in a bar, I'll ask him if I can sit down for a drink. He doesn't like unsolicited company, and I don't like to drink. That way, we'll both be uncomfortable.

Tom Gonter, Marietta, GA

Inside the Order

I'VE JUST READ YOUR ARTICLE about "America's Most Twisted Crime Family" [RS 1133], by Jesse Hyde. I live in Utah, and I must say, it was very well done.

Frank Kuchnel, Saint George, UT

I CHUCKLED WHEN I READ about the Kingston family's ritual of the "numbering of the men" in Jesse Hyde's feature

on the Order. They actually believe they will be among the 144,000 mentioned in Revelations? Perhaps they should read a bit further into that passage, because those 144,000 are only men "who have not been defiled with women." I never cease to be amused by those who parse Scripture in the same manner they parse personal morality.

*Rev. M. Vincent Turner
Silver Spring, MD*

Keith Hits Back

KEITH OLBERMANN NAILED it when he said, "Comedians are the only ones paid to tell the truth in public discourse" [National Affairs, RS 1133]. By that philosophy, it's no wonder he was bounced from his MSNBC gig – he was working

as a news anchor, not a comic. But the irony is, we need more guys like him. So thank you, Al Gore, for giving Olbermann a new platform that allows him to maintain his honesty, while still reporting, not poking fun at, the news.

*Candace Davies
Via the Internet*

Midwest Roots

THANKS, RS, FOR YOUR SPOTS on Bon Iver. Josh Eells' "The Sound of Silence" [RS 1133] was a refreshing and much appreciated glimpse of the man behind the band. The article answered many questions about Justin Vernon that *For Emma, Forever Ago* had conjured up in me. And Will Hermes' review of Bon Iver's latest album was beautifully descriptive as well.

Maureen Hank, Las Vegas

IT'S STRANGE, BUT WHEN you clarified that Bon Iver's name is pronounced *bon ee-vair*, my adoration slightly dissipated. For a guy with unkempt hair, mismatched socks and a beat-up Honda, he sure picked a pretentious-sounding name for his band.

Nili Yolin, West Orange, NJ

Mighty Ukes

EXCELLENT PIECE BY DAVID Browne on ukuleles [Rock & Roll, RS 1133]. Certainly a large part of the current resurgence of the uke – the people's instrument – can be traced to Tony Coleman and Margaret Meagher's acclaimed documentary *Mighty Uke*, which chronicles "the amazing comeback of a musical underdog" and features Jake Shimabukuro. A must-see for uke aficionados of any stripe.

Richard Pechner, San Rafael, CA

Remembering Gil

THE TRIBUTE TO GIL SCOTT-Heron [RS 1133] was excellent. He was a true genius. I always admired his work, but like so

"Your story on Zach Galifianakis is an instant classic. My morning commute turned into a night at Carolines."

many others, I could not condone his lifestyle.

*Adrian "Maui" Selawsky
Annapolis, MD*

Summer Cable

THANKS FOR THE TIP ABOUT *Wilfred* ["When Monsters Attack," RS 1133]. I just had the chance to watch it – and it is brilliant. It's a modern-day *Mister Ed*. We don't need all this reality TV. TV is for entertainment – and a little escapism.

Tom Shanosky, Boca Raton, FL

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Rock & Roll



KING OF THE BEATS Guetta rocks a Vegas club in May.

Spotify Finally Hits America

How the streaming giant won over U.S. labels By Simon Vozick-Levinson

IT WAS FINALLY HAPPENING: Spotify, the hugely buzzed European music service, was about to launch in America. At the Swedish company's Manhattan office, Europe's "The Final Countdown" blared as 8 a.m. neared on July 14th. Then, with a push of a button, Spotify was live in the USA.

The next morning, the mood in the office is still electric. While Spotify won't disclose exact figures, it says users started flooding in the moment the service launched. "The response has been overwhelming," says Ken Parks, the company's U.S. chief content officer. "Let's just say it exceeded our expectations."

American music fans have never embraced subscription services, but the industry is betting on Spotify's sleek, iTunes-like interface and "freemium" model. It offers a deep catalog of more than 15 million songs – which includes music from all four major labels – in several flavors: Users who listen for nothing put up with an ad every few songs and a cap on how much they can stream; \$4.99 a month removes the cap and ads; and for \$9.99 you get higher-fidelity sound and a mobile app.

"The bottom line is, Spotify is the future of the music

Huge Beats, Massive Hits: Dance Music Rules 2011

Meet the superstar DJs who are conquering festivals and the charts By Jonathan Pankin

DAVID GUETTA IS RUNNING late. The French DJ and producer has just jetted to Las Vegas from Spain, where he throws his weekly "Fuck Me I'm Famous" party at the legendary Ibiza nightclub Pacha. With barely enough time to drop off his bags, he hops into an SUV and is handed the latest sign of his ballooning fame: a prototype set of Beats by Guetta headphones, which he'll test at tonight's gig.

More evidence that he's kind of a big deal: the waiting chopper, which whisks the DJ over the glittering lights of the Strip toward the six massive stages, carnival rides and countless retina-frying strobes and LED arrays that have landed on the Las Vegas Motor Speedway outside of town.

Over three epic nights kicking off June 24th, 230,000 dance-music fans (paying an average of \$200 apiece) made Las Vegas' Electric Daisy Carnival one of the biggest music festivals in America. With more than 150 of the world's top DJs and electronic acts – including

headliners Guetta, Tiesto and Swedish House Mafia – it was also a victory lap for the inescapable beat that has dominated music in 2011.

From LCD Soundsystem selling out Madison Square Garden in minutes to the club-ready hits that rule pop radio, dance music is bigger than any time since the disco era – including the electronica boom of the late Nineties. "We were the underdogs for so many years, it made us close to our fans," says Guetta, the scene's top crossover star – his production on the Black Eyed Peas' 2009 smash "I Gotta [Cont. on 20]

business," says Larry Rudolph, Britney Spears' manager. "Anyone who doesn't think that is out of their minds."

That the labels finally agreed to license their content to Spotify seems to signal a growing comfort with the Internet. "All the labels have really strong digital departments now," says Seth Goldstein, co-founder of Turntable.fm, another buzzy new service that lets users play

translate that theory into action. "Spotify is not an overnight success," says Parks. That's an understatement: It's taken almost two years of negotiations with labels big and small to bring Spotify to the U.S. "Everybody was trying to figure out what the right approach was to grow the business and protect customer value," adds the major-label source. "It just took some time to work that out."

was an order of magnitude better than the streaming services we'd seen at that time."

Behind the scenes, insiders say, U.S. record executives began to doubt whether a free, ad-supported digital-music service could yield significant revenue. American label execs quietly put the brakes on Spotify's U.S. negotiations. But in time they realized that Spotify could be a major moneymaker. Last year, the European service paid out \$60 million in royalties. And about six months ago, Spotify and the labels came up with an idea together to boost premium-subscriber numbers and further increase payouts:

They agreed to reduce the free listening time from 20 hours to 10 hours after the first six months, and to prevent users from listening to the same track more than five times. "That proved very successful," says the label source. "We felt like, 'OK, you know what, this is working. This makes sense. We're ready for prime time in the U.S.'"

By this spring, Spotify had U.S. deals in place with three of the four major-label groups (Universal, Sony and EMI); Warner Music, the final holdout, reached an agreement the day before Spotify hit America.

Of course, Spotify is far from the only game in town. With power players such as Amazon, Google and Apple recently unveiling competing cloud services – which allow users to hear their music collection on any computer or smartphone – fans have more ways than ever to listen online. "The movement toward ubiquitous access to music is going to increase music consumption," says Jamie Rosenberg, Google's director of digital content and strategy for Android smartphones.

Adds Craig Pape, Amazon's director of music, "We've got great relationships with all of our partners on the label side – we sell a lot of their music. Giving people convenience, that in and of itself drives more opportunities to buy."

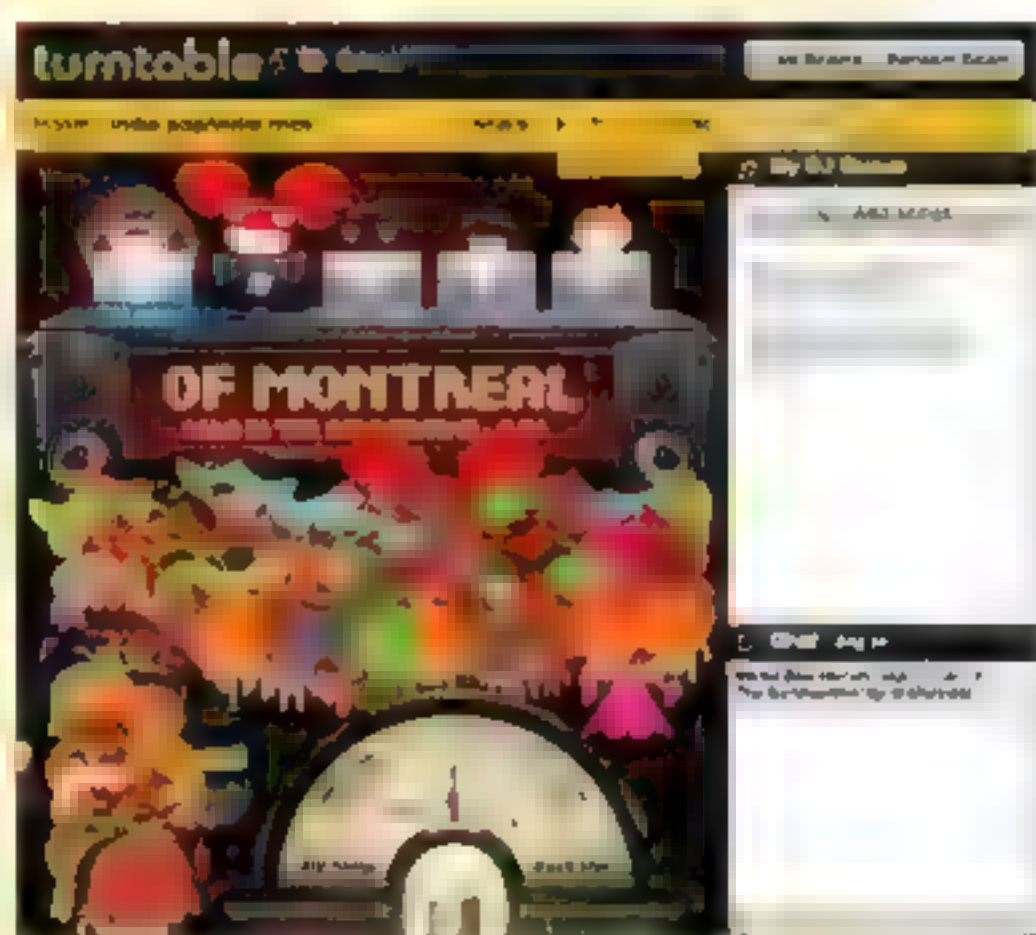
Additional reporting by
STEVE KNOPPER

Turntable.fm Takes Off

Inside the hot new website that turns your computer into a virtual dance floor

DJ KICKS The hottest new music service that isn't Spotify is Turntable.fm, a Web-based environment in which you can play DJ (or just hang out and listen) in virtual rooms with names like "Indie While You Work" and "Trance Out!," choosing songs from the service's large database or uploading your own music.

SOCIAL CLUB Live chat and the ability to vote DJs' tunes up or down ("awesome" votes get you points you can use to upgrade your avatar) add a social-media element. Says founder Seth Goldstein, "It's about having a live, synchronous experience."



CELEB CAMEOS Live chat and the ability to vote DJs' tunes up or down ("awesome" votes get you points you can use to upgrade your avatar) add a social-media element. Says founder Seth Goldstein, "It's about having a live, synchronous experience."

ken out new Major Stars – including the DJ and producer Diplo – have turned up to debut new music. "As a DJ, we're bound by wires – we can't go to a local bar and test out some new tunes on an acoustic," says Diplo, who has bro-

SIMON VOZICK-LEVINSON

DJ in virtual club rooms (see sidebar). "They want to be the enabler, not the gatekeeper."

Labels that once spent fortunes trying to crush the black market of illegal downloading are now trying to compete with it instead – helping build alternatives like Spotify that give fans the instant music access they crave but also compensate artists and publishers. "Toward the end of last year, you sensed a shift in the tone of outgoing communications from [labels]," says one major-label source. "It felt like we had figured this out in theory."

Even so, the industry has taken its time deciding how to

Spotify's co-founder, 28-year-old tech whiz Daniel Ek, aggressively predicted expansion to the U.S. – but the company kept moving the launch date. When Spotify first became available to some European music fans in October 2008, it took off almost instantaneously, drawing more than 2 million users within a year. "I remember very clearly the day my team gave me a demo and we first used it," says Barney Wragg, a former EMI Music executive in the U.K. who worked on Spotify's European deal. "We were blown away with the response time, the service, the ease of use. It

IN THE NEWS

Scorsese directs George Harrison documentary

Martin Scorsese's long-awaited documentary on the life of George Harrison will debut on HBO on October



5th and 6th. Scorsese began working on George Harrison: Living in the Material World

four years ago, researching the late Beatle's entire life and filming in-depth interviews with friends including Paul McCartney, Ringo Starr, Tom Petty, Eric Clapton and Terry Gilliam. Additionally, Harrison's widow, Olivia, will publish a book of his photos, letters and diaries in September to accompany the film. "George's music always spoke directly to me – so directly that I don't think I realized just how inspiring he'd been for me until I made the picture," says Scorsese. "It's been a joyful experience."

Rage Against the Machine to rock L.A.

Rage Against the Machine are deep in rehearsals for their

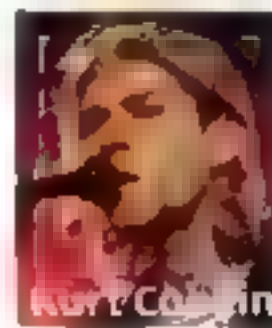


L.A. Rising show, which comes to Los Angeles' Memorial Coliseum on July 30th with

Muse and Lauryn Hill. It will be Rage's only live date this year, celebrating the 20-year anniversary of when vocalist Zack de la Rocha, guitarist Tom Morello, bassist Tim Commerford and drummer Brad Wilk formed the band in L.A. "Standing next to Tim, Brad and Zack, and feeling the force and funk of that band is an out-of-body experience," says Morello. "These songs feel like they were made for the struggles of today, and they're interwoven with the DNA of this city." Morello remains mum about rumors of new material, saying only, "It will not be a secret when there is new Rage music."

Deluxe 'Nevermind' reissue on the way

Nirvana's *Nevermind* turns 20 in September – and on Sep-



tember 20th, a deluxe edition of the classic album will hit shelves featuring unreleased music, rarities

and live takes, along with a never-before-seen concert film on DVD.

FUJIFILM

FINEPIX XP20



MY DIGITAL CAMERA GOES WHERE I GO



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*Source: The NPD Group/Retail Tracking Service based on model units sold in the U.S., Jan.-Dec., 2009 and 2010, respectively. NPD data excludes Costco and Walmart units.

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SHOW ME LOVE
Some of the
230,000 fans at
this year's Electric
Daisy Carnival.



DANCE MUSIC

[Cont. from 17] Feeling" made it the bestselling digital single of all time, kicking off the current boom. "We felt like we were in the same boat - why aren't people playing our music on the radio? Why aren't people playing our music on TV?"

They are now: On the Hot 100, more than half the Top 10 tracks are club-ready, including hits from Lady Gaga, LMFAO, Katy Perry and Pitbull, whose "Give Me Everything" was produced by 23-year-old Guetta protégé Afrojack. Major rock festivals are booking more electronic artists - Deadmau5 will debut his new multimedia assault of a show as a Lollapalooza headliner this year, and festival organizers C3 have doubled the size of the dance area. "With everything going on in the world, with all the negativity - if it's not the economy it's immigration, if it's not immigration it's the war - people just want to get away," says Pitbull. "This is the DJs' moment, this is their time."

So far this year, more than 28 million dance tracks have been sold in America, according to Nielsen SoundScan. That number doesn't include sales from the main DJ-download site Beatport, which are up 25 percent since last year, or the countless millions of tunes that fans steal online - which may not be such a big deal given that, like jam bands, the top acts make the vast majority of their money on the road. "It doesn't

really matter if I sell a lot of records or not," says Tiësto - who has headlined the main stage at Coachella, played the opening ceremony of the Athens Olympics and makes a reported \$20 million a year. "I just want people to have my music. If they illegally download it, I don't say

I like it completely, but it's a different world. It's OK for me; I'm not depending on record sales in a financial way."

Because there isn't the focal point of a band performing, electronic-music shows have evolved into overwhelming multisensory experiences, like

EDC's *Titanic*-size pyro-and-laser-equipped main stage, extremely epilepsy-unfriendly strobes and monster PAs that made the sonic-boom kick drums and serrated synths that powered the music felt as much as heard.

And there are more shows than ever: from the Ultra Music Festival in Miami and Electric Zoo in New York to this fall's Deadmau5 tour and the Identity Festival, which is bringing hot stars like Skrillex, Afrojack and Steve Aoki to amphitheaters all summer. "We've got a 50 percent increase in the amount of shows from last year," says Joel Zimmerman, who launched William Morris Endeavor Entertainment's electronic-music division in 2008, which represents dozens of the scene's biggest names, including Deadmau5 and Swedish House Mafia. "The number of shows, the amount of artists working and the success of the artists themselves - everything's been elevated."

And paydays for top acts have been elevated too. "It's gotten kind of crazy," says Pasquale Rotella, a CEO and founder of EDC promoter Insomniac. "Artists are getting paid over half a million dollars for a gig." Of course, the size of the check depends on the size of the show. Swedish House Mafia, the Scandinavian trio who headlined Sunday night at EDC, make somewhere between \$30,000 and \$300,000 a night, according to one member - depending on whether they're playing a club or a massive festival.

For Guetta, at least, DJ'ing clubs for hardcore fans is the thing that makes everything else possible. "In Ibiza I play for four hours in a row," says Guetta, who recently surprised the crowd at Pacha by bringing out Will.i.am, Ludacris, Usher and Taio Cruz, who are all on his latest album. "The club is where the radio is going in a year, so I'm not like a normal producer that makes a record and hopes it's going to work. I've been playing that beat for eight months, and it's the biggest beat of my set. Before I release the record, I know it's a hit." 

Additional reporting by
MELISSA ARSENIUK

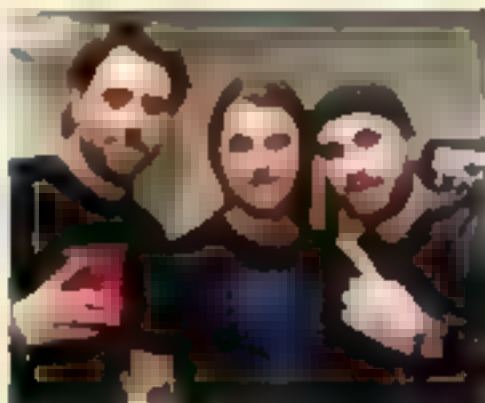
The DJs Who Rule Music

If DJs are the new rock stars, these dudes - who earn up to \$500,000 a gig - are the new Zeppelin



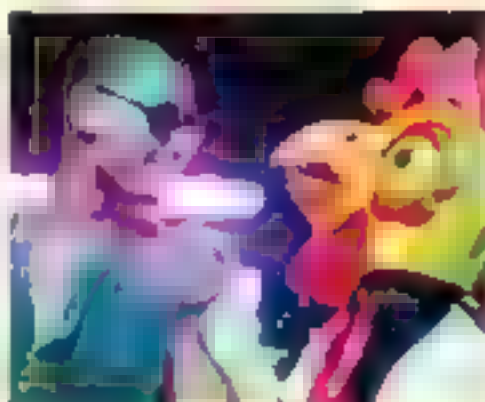
David Guetta

The French 43-year-old isn't exactly an overnight success - he's been a DJ since the 1990s. But when Will.i.am heard his Euro smash "When Love Takes Over," he tapped the beatmaker for "I Gotta Feeling," the biggest digital single of all time.



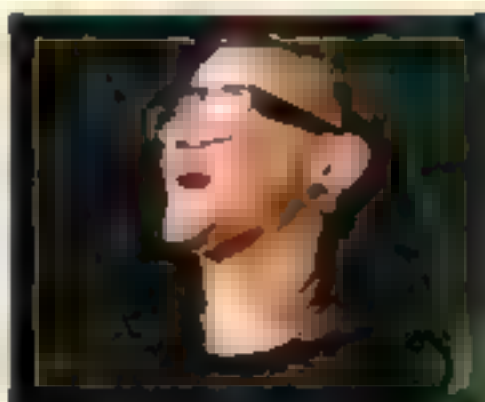
Swedish House Mafia

Each member of the Scandinavian crew - Axwell, Sebastian Ingrosso and Steve Angello - is a star in the scene. Together, they're a global sensation, racking up more than 17 million YouTube spins for the video to "Save The World" since May



Afrojack

In July, Guetta's 23-year-old discovery - who played two packed sets at EDC - scored a crossover smash of his own, marrying big electro hooks to Pitbull's rapping on the Miami MC's Number One hit "Give Me Everything."



Skrillex

Former emo singer Sonny Moore's genre-smashing sets - mixing anthemic electro hooks, angsty vocals and thunderous dubstep - sound totally now. Catch him at Lollapalooza, where his buddy Deadmau5 is a headliner.

IN THE STUDIO



Weed, Top Chefs and Rick Ross: Drake Ranges Wide on Follow-up

Inside the Toronto studio where the rapper is crafting his next move

IHATE SINGLES," DRAKE says. It's a funny thing to hear from the rapper behind hits like "Best I Ever Had" and "Find Your Love," but he says he's always felt this way—now more than ever, as he puts the finishing touches on his second full-length LP, *Take Care* (due October 24th). "With this album, I want to tell a whole story," he adds. "I don't want people to just hear a piece and judge the album on that."

Drake is home in Toronto, recording at his longtime producer Noah "40" Shebib's studio. The vibe is industrial yet cozy: exposed brick, low lighting, plenty of high-grade weed and virtually no decoration aside from a vinyl copy of U.K. dubstep crooner James Blake's debut on a windowsill. "This is home," says Drake, wearing a T-shirt, black jeans and work boots. "If I'm in a big expensive studio, it starts messing with my head about what kind of music I should be making."

To a degree, that's what happened with his 2010 debut, *Thank Me Later*, which sold

1.4 million copies and transformed Drake from mixtape phenom to platinum-certified star. "In no way am I not proud of it," he says, "but I think I got caught up in making it seem big and first-album-ish. I was a bit numb, a bit disconnected from myself. I wasn't able to slow down and realize what was going on around me."

He's taking a more deliberate approach with *Take Care*, toiling over the sort of intricately observed lyrics that made his breakthrough mixtape, 2009's *So Far Gone*, so thrilling. Tales of next-level conspicuous consumption (he shouts out chef Thomas Keller's French Laundry restaurant, where he dined on a recent Napa Valley wine-tasting trip) butt up against memories of middle-class striving (he references renting luxury cars he couldn't afford). Adds Drake, "The whole process has been about slowing life down and really pinpointing emotions."

He cues up several tracks in various states of completion, all of which sit squarely in the sparse, somber register that's become his trademark. "Shot for Me," the likely album opener, is a marvel of melancholy bravado: He sings "Bitch, I'm

the man" in a moan that undercuts the brag, over a beat (courtesy of Shebib) that pairs aching synthesizer notes with an exhilarating barrage of high-hats. Other highlights include "Free Spirit," featuring Rick Ross and the refrain "Tat my name on you so I know it's real," and "The Real Her," a narcotically woozy love song with detuned pianos and a Lil Wayne guest spot. Drake is also looking forward to collaborating with Abel Tesfaye, a.k.a. buzzy R&B gloomster the Weeknd—and, if he gets his wish, veteran beatsmith DJ Premier, Florence and the Machine's Florence Welch, and the xx's Jamie Smith. "No matter who's on it, it goes through the Drake filter," Shebib says. "He's so hands-on about how everything sounds."

Many rappers tout their effortlessness, but Drake is proudly perfectionist. Several of the verses he's written for the album are still missing their last two bars. "If your writing is strong enough, those lines dictate what the hook is gonna be about, how you're gonna go into the second verse," he says. "You need the exit moment, you know? 'And the crowd goes wild...'"

JONAH WEINER

STUDIO NOTES

Mastodon roar back with new 'The Hunter'

"Kids are going to get in trouble to this album," Mastodon guitarist-vocalist Brent Hinds says of the Atlanta metal band's fifth LP, *The Hunter* (due later this year). "They're going to break speakers, pop springs on their beds and get drunk and nude in public."

Hinds had just wrapped the album's final guitar solo when he sat down with bassist-vocalist Troy Sanders, drummer-vocalist Brann Dailor and guitarist Bill Kelliher in a lounge at Atlanta's Doppler Studios. Before convening here in early May, the band joined producer Mike Elizondo (Dr. Dre, Gwen Stefani) in Southern California to track drums in the same room where Nirvana's *Nevermind* and Tom Petty's *Damn* the Torpedoes were recorded. "To be in a room where all that stuff went down is a big deal to us," says Dailor. "We're nerds like that." After 2009's *Crack the Sky*—a harrowing epic inspired by the suicide of Dailor's sister and the near-fatal brain hemorrhage Hinds suffered after a drunken fistfight—the band was ready



to cut loose. Case in point: "Blasteroids," a punk-metal sprint that includes repeated howls of "I wanna drink some fucking blood!" Another standout, "Stargasm," lays galloping riffs over stadium-size drums. "It's about fucking in space," says Dailor, who devised a sci-fi story line for *The Hunter*—but the concept was ultimately scrapped. Adds Dailor, "Brent was like, 'Fuck all that! Let's just have fun.'"

DAVID PEISNER

Phish plot first album since 2009

Phish are currently in the middle of a marathon summer tour, but they're already starting to plan their first studio LP since 2009's *Joy*. "We are talking about opening the door to some kind of new album this winter," says frontman Trey Anastasio. "Next year is looking like it will be a less busy touring year. We just want to get together and see where it goes."

PATRICK DOYLE



ASK DR. OZZY

Q I've discovered that my husband (who is not a member of Congress) has been e-mailing the occasional "revealing" picture of himself to women he meets online. I have no reason to believe he's actually been sleeping with anyone, but I still feel hurt and angry. Should I confront him about this? And does "sexting" count as cheating?

-Phoebe, Illinois

A Any guy who starts e-mailing pictures of his ball sack to *anyone* has got a serious fucking problem, if you ask me. I mean, at what point during the day do you say to yourself, "Ah, yes. I think I'll pull my trousers down, get out my phone, take a picture of the old meat and two veg and send it to someone I've never met before"? It blows my fucking mind, man. Definitely confront him. It might not be *cheating* cheating, but it's a bit of a cause for fucking concern, don't you think? Today he's just sending out the menu; tomorrow he might be asking these chicks to come over to the house and try his special sauce.

Q I have a thing for big girls, but recently my large, sexy mama of a girlfriend has been ordered by her doctor to

lose weight. Would it be wrong to tempt her with high-calorie snacks?

-Tyler, North Carolina

A If the doc has told her to lose weight, then it ain't very fucking nice to start dangling meatballs and Twinkies above her bed on the off chance she wakes up in the middle of the night and takes a bite. If you can't get a boner without something big to get your hands on, why not close your eyes and ask her to wear bulky clothing? You've got an imagination - use it.

Q My pretty blond girlfriend has a major thing for the drummer of a well-known band. They're going to be playing a gig in our town in the next few weeks, and somehow she's managed to score a backstage pass. Do I have any reason to be worried?

-Damian, Michigan

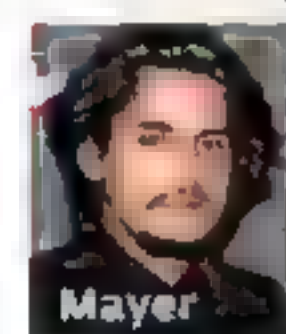
A I'd ask one of my good drummer friends to answer this question for you - but they're all too busy boning other people's blond girlfriends.

If you want Dr. Ozzy's advice about health, sex and family matters, go to rollingstone.com/drozzzy.

IN THE NEWS

John Mayer talks new album, bashes Twitter

Mayer visited his alma mater, Boston's Berklee College of Music, on July 10th for a three-



Mayer

hour talk. The rocker played several new tunes and described his next LP:

"No drum machines, no loops, no keyboards to start out with, no excuses, no breaks." He also explained why he quit Twitter last year. "I was a tweeta-holic," he said. "It started to make my mind smaller."

Matt Bellamy, Kate Hudson welcome son

The **Muse** singer and Hudson welcomed son Bingham on July 9th. In other baby news, **Jewel** and **Ty Murray** became parents with the birth of their son Kase.

Cee Lo cast as mummy

Cee Lo Green joins a cast including **Adam Sandler**, **Andy Samberg** and **Steve**



Green

Buscemi in the animated comedy *Hotel Transylvania*, due in September 2012.

He'll voice a mummy named Murray who used to entertain ancient pharaohs.

For the First Time Since 2004, Record Biz Is Up

Midyear numbers are in: Album sales rise slightly, tours continue to boom

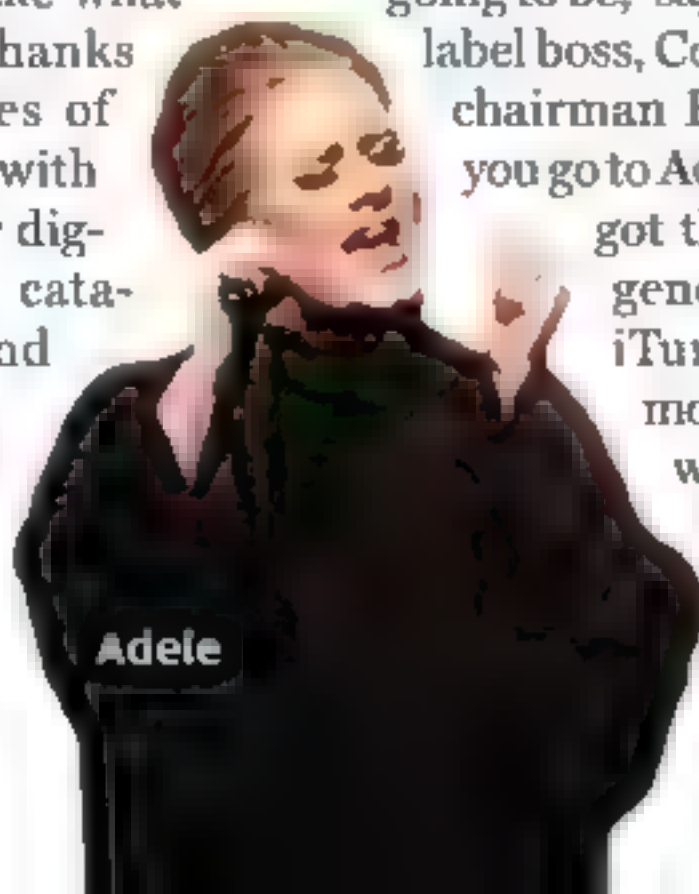
THE LAST TIME ALBUM sales grew in the U.S., Hoobastank had a hit single, and Mel Gibson's career seemed untankable. In other words, it's been a long time. But according to Nielsen SoundScan's midyear report, album sales are up for the first time since 2004 - just 1.3 percent, but you take what you can get - thanks to massive sales of Adele's *21* along with big numbers for digital downloads, catalog releases and vinyl.

Midyear tour figures also brought good news: Accord-

ing to *Pollstar*, North American shows - including the belated return of U2's monster 360° Tour, the biggest of all time - have grossed \$1.12 billion so far (up 16.2 percent over last year), and 800,000 more tickets were sold than this time last year.

But can the winning streak continue? "It'd be great if this was the norm and there were 10 titles that had this kind of trajectory, but I don't think it's going to be," says Adele's major-label boss, Columbia Records chairman Rob Stringer. "If you go to Adele's show, we've got the baby-boomer generation and the iTunes crowd. The more artists we find with this capability, the better off we'll be."

MONICA HERRERA



Adele

Top 10 Albums

1. **Adele, 21**
Albums sold: 2,517,000
2. **Lady Gaga, Born This Way**
Albums sold: 1,540,000
3. **Mumford & Sons, Sigh No More**
Albums sold: 982,000
4. **Jason Aldean, My Kinda Party**
Albums sold: 763,000
5. **Bruno Mars, Doo-Wops & Hooligans**
Albums sold: 686,000
6. **Justin Bieber, Never Say Never: The Remixes (EP)**
Albums sold: 676,000
7. **Chris Brown, F.A.M.E.**
Albums sold: 646,000
8. **Various Artists, NOW 37**
Albums sold: 637,000
9. **Nicki Minaj, Pink Friday**
Albums sold: 609,000
10. **Katy Perry, Teenage Dream**
Albums sold: 600,000

Top 10 Tours

1. **U2**
Total gross: \$85,800,000
2. **Lady Gaga**
Total gross: \$65,300,000
3. **Bon Jovi**
Total gross: \$57,400,000
4. **Kenny Chesney**
Total gross: \$46,700,000
5. **Taylor Swift**
Total gross: \$29,500,000
6. **Elton John**
Total gross: \$28,000,000
7. **Lil Wayne**
Total gross: \$26,300,000
8. **Rod Stewart/Stevie Nicks**
Total gross: \$22,200,000
9. **Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band**
Total gross: \$21,200,000
10. **Prince**
Total gross: \$19,200,000

Years After Death, Battle for James Brown's Estate Rages On

He left needy kids \$100 million – so why haven't they seen a penny?

DURING HIS BRILLIANT, troubled life, James Brown always called his own shots. So it wasn't a surprise that Brown set the terms of his legacy after his death. And the centerpiece of that vision was to give virtually his entire fortune, valued then at roughly \$100 million, to a trust to help educate underprivileged children in South Carolina and Georgia.

But nearly five years after his Christmas Day death in 2006, not one needy child has received a penny. That's because Brown's seven children and fourth wife, Tomi Rae Hynie, contested the will in a South Carolina court less than a month after he died. The litigation spiraled into a bitter battle with some two dozen attorneys representing various factions – and became so unwieldy that then-state Attorney General Henry McMaster made a deal in 2009 that affirmed Brown's will but split the estate between the trust and his family, with the legal expenses borne by the trust.

The settlement was denounced by Brown's advocates, including his longtime attorney Buddy Dallas. "How do you argue against an irrevocable will that provides for needy children? Is that even an argument?" he says. (The attorney for Brown's children responds that the basis of his clients' claim was that the singer had received bad advice and didn't know what he was signing.)

Brown's own legendary childhood – abandoned to an aunt who ran a brothel in Augusta, Georgia, working the streets for pennies and dropping out of school in the seventh grade – contributed to a dysfunctional life replete with



Brown with his fourth wife, Tomi Rae Hynie, in 2006



Brown visits a Georgia school in 1992.

drug abuse, failed relationships and multiple arrests. But Brown also credited it with instilling a work ethic that he saw as the foundation for his self-made success.

The singer got the idea for the trust while visiting hospitals and playing benefits to raise money for sick children

"How do you argue against needy children?" says Brown's attorney.

in the late 1980s. "He spent a lot of time with one girl with spina bifida," says music producer Jacque Hollander, who accompanied Brown to the hospitals. "After, he said, 'I'm going to give them everything I have and touch their lives.'"

Brown was never close to his children – by the end, they had to make an appointment to see him – and was adamant that they wouldn't benefit from

his fortune when he died. That was made clear to Dallas at a 1988 business meeting to discuss the trust when he asked Brown, "What about your own children?" Both Dallas and Hollander say Brown pointed his finger in Dallas' face and screamed, "Don't you ever tell me what to do with my money! They will not ride on my back when I'm gone, Mr. Dallas! Do you hear me?"

Despite the 2009 settlement, no money has been paid to Brown's family or the children's trust, and won't be until several outstanding appeals are concluded. As those cases await resolution, Brown's estate continues to shed millions in legal fees. The current court-appointed trustee, accountant Russell Bauknight, declined to say how much money is left, citing his "fiduciary duty" to protect the estate's privacy.

In the meantime, the respect that Brown demanded in life has all but vanished in death. The battle over his fortune has spilled into another ugly dispute, this one over where the Godfather will spend his eternity. Brown wanted to be buried at his South Carolina home, which would become a Graceland-like museum; his children, who control his remains, have them in a temporary crypt on daughter Deanna's property – waiting, like his children's trust, for a final resolution. **MATT BIRKBECK**

IN THE NEWS

Coheed and Cambria bassist busted

Coheed and Cambria bassist **Michael Todd** was arrested in Attleboro, Massachusetts, on July 10th on charges of

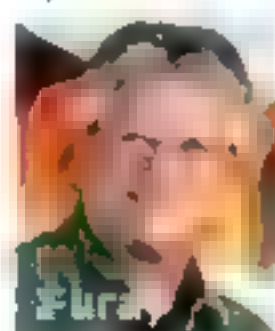


armed robbery and drug possession after allegedly stealing oxycodone from a Walgreens

pharmacy just hours before the hard-rockers played an opening set for **Soundgarden**. Todd – who police say threatened a pharmacist by saying he had a bomb – pleaded not guilty to all charges. He has been replaced for the remainder of the tour by frequent collaborator **Wes Styles**. "We will address the situation with Michael after the tour," the band said in a statement. "For now, we just want to have a great time out here and finish with some killer shows."

Buffalo Springfield postpone reunion tour

Buffalo Springfield have delayed their planned reunion tour – their first since splitting up in 1968 – from this fall to



early next year. "There's nothing to speculate about," guitarist **Richie Furay** wrote online. "The

tour has simply been moved." The Springfield's surviving members – **Neil Young**, **Stephen Stills** and Furay – played seven gigs to rave reviews in June, culminating in a headlining spot at Bonnaroo. "The plan is to do 30 dates this fall," Furay told **ROLLING STONE** backstage at the festival – but Stills had his doubts. "If we have this much trouble with six [shows]," Stills said then, "I can't imagine 30."

Kings of Leon documentary coming to cable

Talihina Sky, the documentary about Kings of Leon's rise to fame, will air on Showtime on August 21st. The film includes revealing home footage of



disputes within the Followill family. "We show a side of ourselves that most people wouldn't have

the balls to show," says drummer **Nathan Followill**. Adds frontman **Caleb Followill**, "I think it'll make people closer to us. They'll be able to relate to us a little more, hopefully."

Clarence Clemons

1942-2011

The Big Man wasn't just one of rock's all-time great sax players – for 40 years he was the heart and soul of Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band. By Andy Greene

OVER 40 YEARS with Bruce Springsteen, Clarence Clemons picked up a lot of nicknames: the Big C, the Master of Disaster, the Minister of Soul, the Duke of Paducah, the Emperor of E Street, the King of the World. But to millions of fans, the E Street Band's six-foot-four sax player was best known as the Big Man, whose soul-rooted playing powered Springsteen classics from "Born to Run" and "Thunder Road" to "Dancing in the Dark" and "Badlands."

On June 18th, a week after he suffered a massive stroke, Clemons died at a Palm Beach, Florida, hospital at 69. "Clarence was big," Springsteen said at his bandmate's funeral. "And he made me feel, and think, and love, and dream big. How big was the Big Man? Too fucking big to die. And that's just the facts. You can put it on his gravestone, you can tattoo it over your heart. Accept it. ... It's the New World. Clarence doesn't leave the E Street Band when he dies. He leaves when *we* die."

Onstage – and famously on the cover of *Born to Run* – Clemons and Springsteen formed one of the most iconic duos in rock history. They met in an Asbury Park, New Jersey, club on a much-mythologized night in 1971, when Clemons showed up during a Springsteen gig and ended up sitting in with the band. "He got up onstage [and] a sound came out of his horn that seemed to rattle the glasses behind the bar and threatened to blow out the back wall," Springsteen recalled during his 1999 induction speech into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. "The door literally blew off the club in a storm that night, and I knew I'd found my sax player. But there was something else. Something happened when we stood side by side.



DANCING IN THE DARK

"Clarence was big," Springsteen said. "And he made me feel, and think, and love, and dream big."

Some energy, some unspoken story. That night we first stood together, I looked over at C and it looked like his head reached into the clouds. And I felt like a mere mortal scurrying upon the Earth."

Clemons grew up in Norfolk, Virginia, the grandson of a Baptist preacher. After receiving a saxophone as a gift at age nine, he became obsessed with the sound of early rock and R&B players, particularly the Coasters' King Curtis. He attended Maryland State College on a football scholarship, distinguishing himself as a star offensive lineman. He had a tryout lined up for the Cleveland Browns in 1968, but the day before he was in a devastating

car accident that damaged his knee and permanently ended his football career.

Clemons found work in Jamesburg, New Jersey, as a youth counselor for troubled kids. At night, he played sax in bars along the Jersey Shore. A staple of R&B, soul and early rock, the saxophone had fallen out of vogue – and Clemons helped infuse the E Street Band with the spirit of that music. "What he brought to the E Street Band was the power of friendship, redemptive love and inclusion," says Jackson Browne, who sang on Clemons' 1985 hit, "You're a Friend of Mine." "He played such supercharged sax. It brought the music back to the origins of rock & roll. It's almost hard to imagine that music without him."

Springsteen's first two albums – *Greetings From Asbury Park, N.J.* and *The Wild, the Innocent & the E Street Shuffle* – failed to find a mass audience. His third album, *Born to Run*, made him a superstar – and Clemons played a key role, with crucial parts on "Thunder Road" and the title track, along with his greatest recorded moment, the epic solo on the album-closing "Jungleland." "The first time I heard the way Bruce built [the solo], I couldn't talk," Clemons wrote in his 2009 memoir. "He took what I had played, all those little pieces, and married them to what he heard in his heart, and then put it together in a way that's timeless. Every time I play it I feel that it represents our musical partnership in a way that's beyond words. To me that solo sounds like love."

As if to match his massive presence onstage, Clemons lived an outsize life off it, including five marriages; abundant indulgences in the pleasures of the road, from women to cocaine; and in later years a pre-show regimen involving tequila, weed and



CHUNK GENEROSITY

The richest, tastiest ice cream can never have too many chunks. So, to impress the city that's seen it all, we jam-packed the biggest and best chunks we could find into our flavor, New York Super Fudge Chunk. It's another way that Ben & Jerry's works to make the best possible ice cream in the best way possible. Go to benjerry.com to learn more about our ingredients.

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The ice cream in this flavor is made with Fair Trade Certified cocoa. We are still working on the chunks & swirls.



injections of vitamins from the two doctors who traveled with him on tour. "He was capable of great magic and also of making quite an amazing mess," said Springsteen. "Clarence's unconditional love, which was very real, came with a lot of conditions. . . . He did what he wanted to do, and he let the chips, human and otherwise, fall where they may."

As the band's fame exploded in the Eighties, Clemons began a second career as an actor, appearing in TV and movie projects including *Diff'rent Strokes* and *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*. But at the end of that decade, everything changed: On tour with Ringo Starr's All Starr Band in 1989, Clemons received a call from Springsteen, informing him that he was breaking up the E Street Band. "I didn't speak or even attempt to interject," Clemons wrote in his memoir. "I got very quiet and stopped smiling. In fact, it looked to Ringo like I was being told about somebody dying."



BLOOD BROTHERS
Clemons and Springsteen onstage in 1981

Clemons kept busy, releasing a series of solo CDs, touring nightclubs and acting more, including roles on *Nash Bridges* and *The Flash*. He sat in with the Grateful Dead a few times in the 1980s, and grew closer to the group when the E Street Band dissolved. "He was in moving-on mode," says Bob Weir. "Jerry and I were both single at the time, and Clarence suggested that the three of us move in together and have a bachelor pad. Jerry and I almost went for it. It would've been a lot of fun, but I don't think anyone would have survived."

Springsteen revived the E Street Band in 1999, and over the next decade they recorded three acclaimed albums and embarked on four epic world tours. Clemons loved being back on the road, even as he battled chronic pain, undergoing numerous surgeries, including knee and hip replacements. Although he continued to perform brilliantly, it was clear the road was taking its toll. "That last tour was hell," he told *ROLLING STONE* in February. "Pure hell."

At home in Palm Beach, Clemons devoted his time to fishing, cooking and his collections of teddy bears and candles.

He developed a close relationship with Sri Chinmoy, an Indian spiritual teacher who died in 2007. "Clarence's spirituality was a key to his love, friendships and music," says his widow, Victoria. "It came across in everything he did and anyone he ever encountered." His limited mobility kept him home much of the time with Victoria, whom he met at a California Italian restaurant and married in 2008. "He really was a homebody," she says. "He liked to cook, watch movies and smoke cigars. I served him breakfast in bed every day of the week."

Clemons was recovering from surgery at his Florida home in January when Lady Gaga's people called. "They said to me, 'Lady Gaga wants you to play on her album,'" Clemons told *RS*. "This is on a Friday afternoon at 4:00 p.m. I said, 'When do you want me to do it? I'm free Monday or Tuesday.' They go, 'No, she needs you *right now* in New York City.'" Clemons took the next flight, arriving at the studio late that night.

"She came running down the hall," Clemons said. "She was like, 'Big Man!'" Over three hours, Clemons played sax on "Edge of Glory" and "Hair." "It was wild," he said. "I was so excited. I'm a Gaga-ite." Clemons' final public performance was with Gaga, on the season finale of *American Idol* in May. "On the set, Gaga grabbed Clarence's hands," says Victoria. "She looked into his eyes and said, 'I believe in you seven days of the week, not just five.' He needed to hear those words to get through the night. He loved Gaga dearly. He thought their collaboration was a new highlight of his professional life."

Speaking to *ROLLING STONE* this year, Clemons was looking forward to the next E Street Band tour — despite the pain, he couldn't imagine staying off the road. "As long as my mouth, hands and brain still work, I'll be out there doing it," he said. "This is what's keeping me alive and feeling young and inspired. My spiritual teacher Sri Chinmoy told me that my purpose in life is to bring joy and light to the world, and I don't know any better way than what I'm doing now."

Pioneering Rock Writer Jane Scott

1919-2011



Jane Scott, one of the country's earliest rock critics, died on July 4th in Lakewood, Ohio, at age 92 from Alzheimer's disease. When

Scott joined the staff of Cleveland's *Plain Dealer* in 1952, she covered high-society events and wrote a column for senior citizens. But after a Beatles show in 1964, she became a convert to rock & roll. "I never before saw thousands of 14-year-old girls, all screaming and yelling," Scott later said. "I realized this was a phenomenon." Scott — who was also the first woman to cover music for a major newspaper — went on to champion Bob Dylan, Led Zeppelin, the Velvet Underground and Bruce Springsteen, who once dedicated "Incident on 57th Street" to her. Scott was a regular at Cleveland gigs until she retired in 2002. "Part of playing Cleveland was making time for Jane," says Joe Walsh, who got to know her while playing in his first band, the James Gang. "She didn't get into that grad-school, wordy dissection of rock & roll. She cared if a show got her off and if you connected with an audience. We all loved her for that. This wasn't a job for her. It was her life." **DAVID BROWNE**

Grass Roots Singer Rob Grill

1943-2011



Rob Grill, lead singer of folk-rock act the Grass Roots, died on July 11th in Tavares, Florida, after complications from a head injury in

June. He was 67. Grill lent his commanding tone to hits like 1967's "Let's Live for Today" and 1968's "Midnight Confessions." "He was a damn good singer," says former Grass Roots guitarist-turned-The Office-co-star Creed Bratton. "We were in a good-looking pop group in the Summer of Love. It was cool."

PATRICK DOYLE

Motörhead Guitarist Würzel

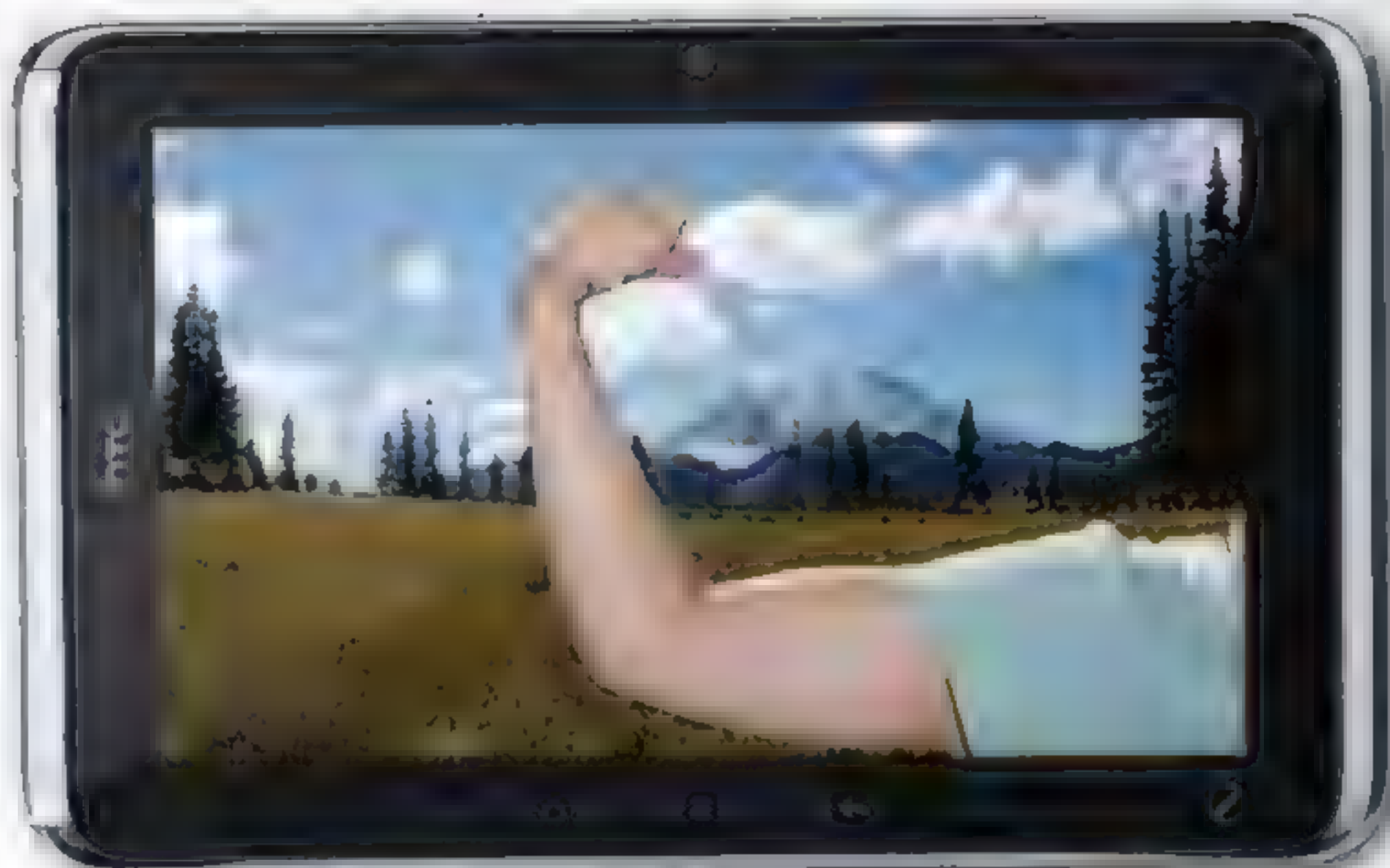
1949-2011



Former Motörhead guitarist Michael "Würzel" Burston died on July 9th at age 61 after battling heart disease. He joined the

British metal legends in 1984, performing on LPs including 1986's *Orgasmatron* and 1991's *1916* before leaving the band in 1995.

SIMON VOZICK-LEVINSON



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1 LLOYD FEAT. ANDRÉ 3000 "Dedication to My Ex (Miss That)"

With its "96 Tears" organ, Motown-ready melody and crazy-filthy lyrics, the R&B vet's groovadelic throwback jam is totally the "F*%# You" of 2011. Note to R&B singers, though: This is officially the last time you're allowed to combine an R-rated chorus with mom-friendly music. (So don't even try it, Ne-Yo.)



2 BLINK-182 "Up All Night" On their first song since Dug Puma's reign, the reunited Blink-182 aren't really poppy or punky—they've left behind their earlier, funnier work and come up with their biggest, loudest rock song ever. "All these demons, they keep me up all night," Tom DeLonge sings. Us too, bro. Us too.

3 RADIOHEAD "Staircase" Radiohead are totally the Helen Mirren of rock, getting unexpectedly sexy as they age. The proof? This slinkier-than-a-greased-Slinky groover, which rides a Thom Yorke synth line and a clickety-clacking beat straight to the heart of your pants.



CHECKING IN



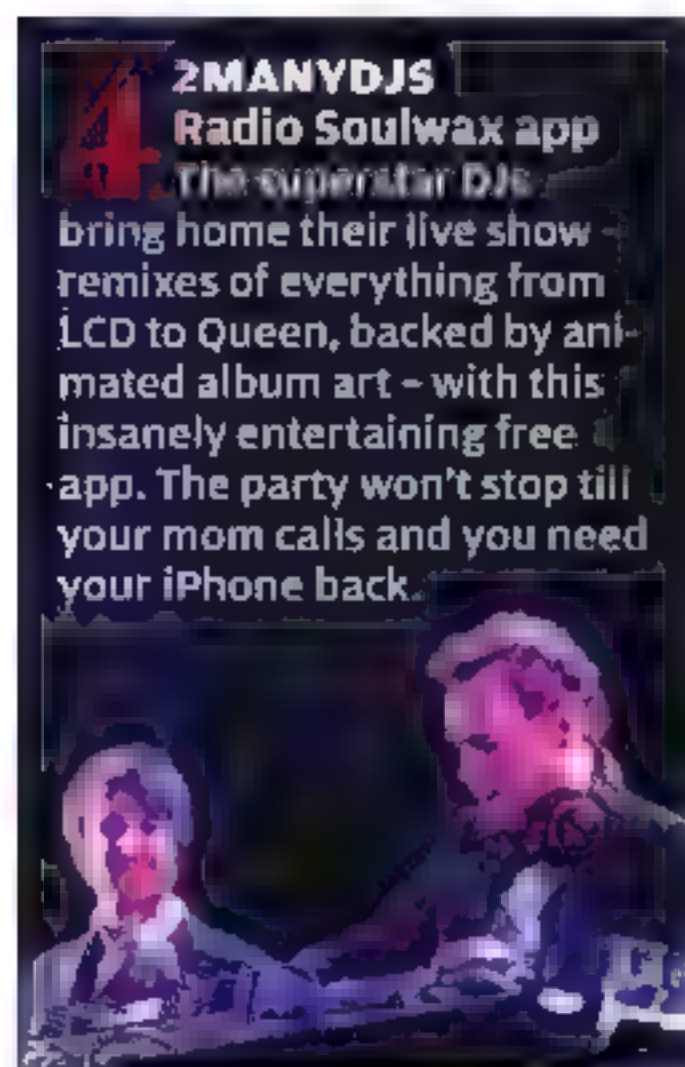
Sammy Hagar

The Chickenfoot singer on their new LP and taking on Van Halen

BACK IN THE SADDLE "It's the best record I've ever made," Sammy Hagar says of Chickenfoot's second album, which they're so pumped about they skipped right to calling it *Chickenfoot III*. The supergroup—featuring Hagar, guitar wizard Joe Satriani, ex-Van Halen bassist Michael Anthony and Red Hot Chili Peppers drummer Chad Smith—started as a tequila-soaked jam session in Mexico and went on to sell 500,000 copies of its 2009 debut LP. The follow-up features the same harmony-drenched hooks and huge riffs—along with a few surprises: the R&B romp "Come Closer," experiments with spoken-word poetry on "Three and a Half Letters," and the Black Keys-inspired "Last Temptation." Says Hagar, "The Keys are one of my top 10 groups ever, going back to Cream and Zeppelin."

BUMPS IN THE ROAD The disc was recorded mostly live in Hagar's studio, although a bout of writer's block slowed down the recording process. "I was being negative, and I fought with myself," says Hagar. Chickenfoot took another blow when manager John Carter died of cancer in the middle of their sessions (they pay tribute to him on "Up Next"). Adds Hagar, "It wasn't fun trying to make the record, but when I listened back, I got the goose bumps."

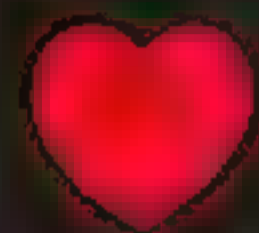
WHAT'S NEXT The band may tour in November, although it will have to find another drummer—Smith is busy with the Chili Peppers. As for the LP that his ex-bandmates in Van Halen are reportedly recording with David Lee Roth, Hagar says, "It better be great, because they waited a long time—and Chickenfoot raised the bar." **PATRICK DOYLE**



4 2MANYDJS Radio Soulwax app The superstar DJs bring home their live show—remixes of everything from LCD to Queen, backed by animated album art—with this insanely entertaining free app. The party won't stop till your mom calls and you need your iPhone back.



5 BLITZEN TRAPPER "American Goldwing" You know who's classic-rockier than actual classic rock? These guys! The first single from the Portland bros' awesome new album is a strummy, loping folk-rock epic that's as gorgeous as Mila Kunis standing in front of the Grand Canyon at sunset. (Well, almost.)



LC

**BECAUSE
I WOULD WEAR
THESE EVEN IF
THEY WEREN'T
PRESCRIPTION.**

Sunglasses made with
your prescription.

Kid Rock

The Detroit rocker celebrates summer with beers, strippers, fireworks and lots of yardwork

By Austin Scola

AFTER PARTICULARLY INTENSE shows, it's not surprising that Kid Rock has some pain in his lower back – after all, the guy is 40. But he's just glad it isn't worse. "I honestly thought my knees would be gone by this point," says Rock, checking in from a tour stop in Boston. "But I just got a physical and a finger up my ass, and everything checked out. The doctor was like, 'Holy shit! You're healthy!'" Rock is spending his summer playing shows with Sheryl Crow, and a highlight has been his cover of rocker John Eddie's "Forty" – on which he sings, "I'm fuckin' 40/ But Bruce Springsteen's fuckin' 61, and the Stones are almost dead." Says Rock, "It will be fucked up when they carry on to the next life and we have to switch that lyric. But it doesn't look like there's any end in sight – those fuckers just keep ticking."

How much did you spend on fireworks for the Fourth of July?

\$1,100. Being the brainiac I am, we loaded up on fireworks in Indiana, because you get way better shit there than in Michigan. We got a good display. Sheryl and her kids and crew came to Michigan and we had a great day of swimming, drinking, playing horseshoes and setting off fireworks.

I heard you've been easing off the marching powder. True?

Yeah, slowing down on the drugs. Which never really got out of control, like, I never missed shows or anything. But drinking is different when you're not high as hell. I used to drink a fifth of whiskey and pound beers all night and still be levelheaded. Now I do that without the drugs and I'm like, "Fuck, I'm shitfaced and acting like an idiot." It's been interesting.

Who in the Twisted Brown Trucker Band parties the hardest?

It's definitely me and Aaron, our bass player. We're like gasoline and fire. And our new girl we have singing, Shannon, she likes to throw down. Everybody has a good time, but it's not like the [1999] Destroy Your Liver tour. Now I just want to fly home between shows.

Why?

I just like it: pruning trees, straightening lawn chairs and shit. And camera phones have made the world difficult to live in. I'm approachable and always up to take pictures, but it gets old.

Have your bandmates ever pranked you?

No. We had that talk years ago when the *Punk'd* show was big. I said, "There's two things that will happen if you ever punk me: You'll get fired, but before that, I'll punch you in the face."

You rang in your 40th with stadium shows in Detroit.

What was the most emotional moment of that day for you?

Well, the biggest thing was 60,000 people in my hometown showing up and celebrating with me. I put everything into that show – it was like putting on the Grammys or something. The next morning, when the sun was coming up, I was sitting at the top of Motor City, overlooking the town, having a little whiskey. That was fucking cool.

You're already working on another album, right?

We're writing and fucking around with riffs at soundcheck. I want to make a greatest-hits record of all new songs, from all the genres I've touched on. There's one I'm working on, it goes, "I'll be somewhere up in heaven, raising hell."

Who do you look forward to meeting in heaven?

Joe C. I'm sure he'll meet me at the Pearly Gates and we'll smoke a fatty.

There are four strippers onstage every night. What's that auditioning process like?

The promoters find them. We actually need to devise a better system, because night to night it's pretty fucking shaky. There are certain nights when I'm like, "Wow, what the fuck?" Not that you notice 20 rows back.

How is Sheryl handling the carnival-like atmosphere?

Sheryl is out of her fucking mind. Trying to babysit her on this tour has become a fucking chore. She's throwing TVs out of windows, drinking all the whiskey, chasing guys after the shows. She's nuts! Someone has to slow her down.



REBORN & REDEFINED
FOR THE

FREE

AND THE

BRAVE

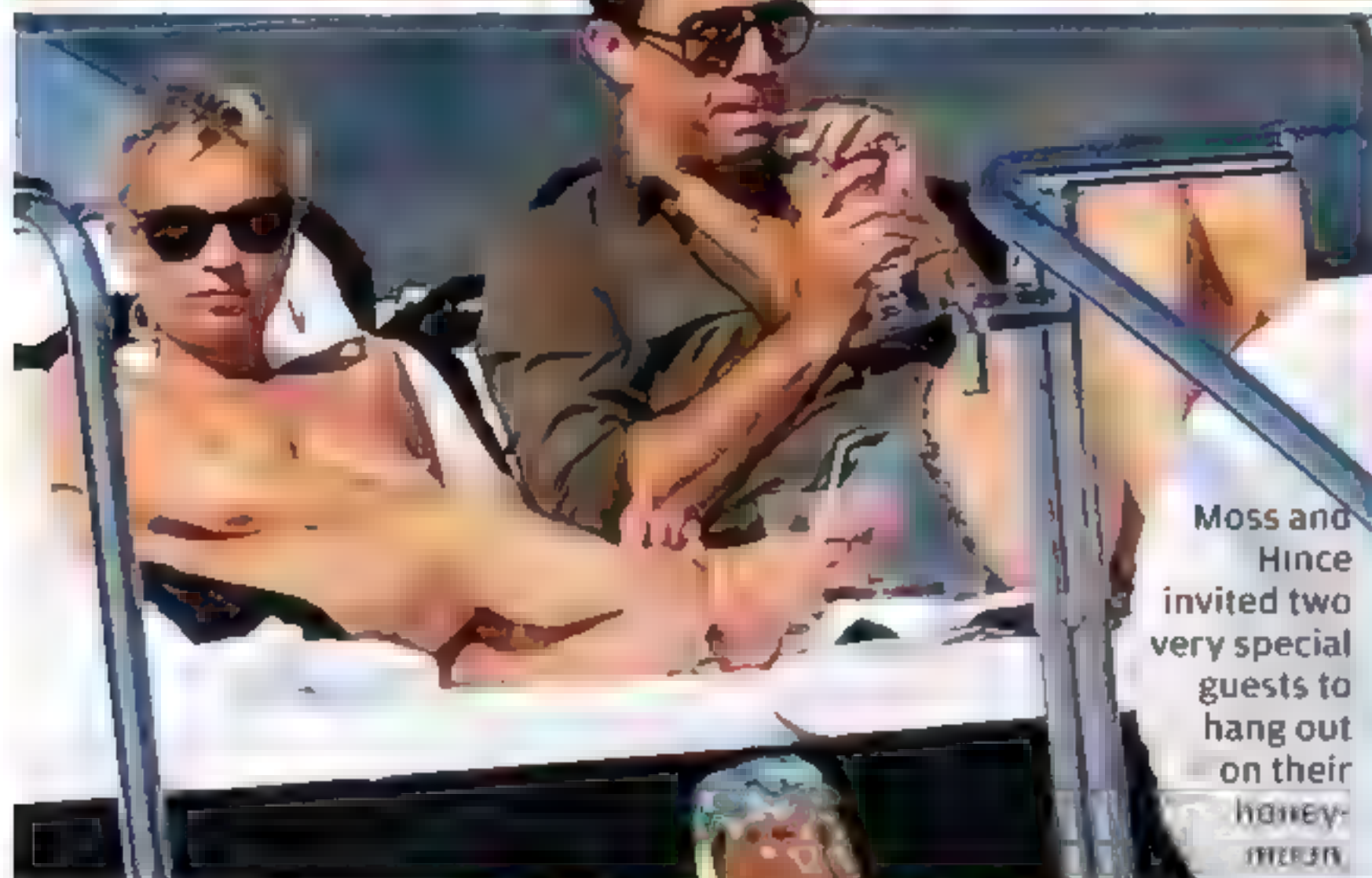
THE NEW 2011 JEEP COMPASS GENUINELY ENGINEERED TO BE LEGENDARY



Jeep

"Everybody offering me hugs needs to know I don't really like touching people." —Pete Wentz

Random Notes



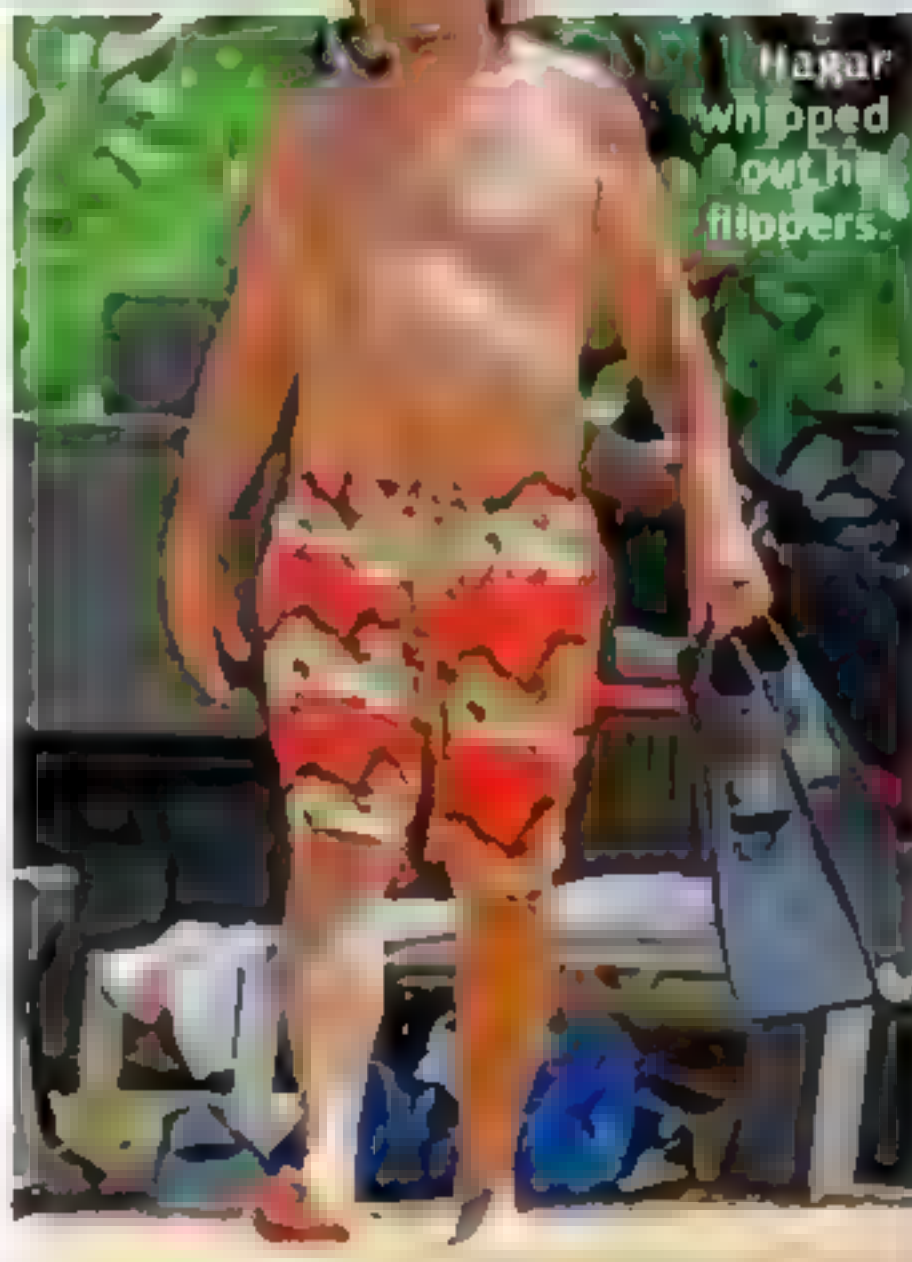
Moss and Hince invited two very special guests to hang out on their honeymoon: *INTERVIEW*

Summertime and the livin' is Weezy!



Adult Swim

Oh, to be a rock star! While you were suffocating in an airless office, rich and famous folks kicked off three months of summer vacation. Supermodel Kate Moss and the Kills guitarist Jamie Hince celebrated their recent nuptials on a fancy yacht in Europe, Lil Wayne got sand in his tube socks in Florida, and Red Rocker Sammy Hagar said aloha to the fishies in Hawaii.



Hagar whipped out his flippers.



WHITE AMERICA
"Hats off, motherfucker!" commanded Stephen Colbert before rocking the national anthem with *White in New York*



MR. MOMOFUKU
Not satisfied with releasing seven albums a year, Elvis Costello took his sons out in New York to shoot a sequel to *Mrs. Doubtfire*

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: LEFT: RAMEY/BAJER/GETTY IMAGES; RIGHT: MONTANA, SPLASH NEWS; RODRIGO & LUIS JR. GUESS/REX USA; RAMEY PHOTO; BRAD BARRETT/PICTUREQUEST; SPLASH NEWS



The Teflon Doctor

Dr. Drew has risen to fame by wading in the trash heaps of celebrity culture – but will the sleaze ever start to stick? By Rob Sheffield

DR. DREW PINSKY MAY be the Col. Kurtz of the War on Drugs. He's gotten off the boat and set up his own compound for his *Celebrity Rehab* empire at the Pasadena Recovery Center. Con-

Celebrity Rehab With Dr. Drew

Sundays, 9 p.m., VH1

ventional medical practices be damned – he rules a houseful of fame junkies who wander the hallways with a haze in their eyes that says, “If Bai Ling is crawling on the roof, this must be sobriety.” The doctor has an original prescription: (1) gather a cast of fragile addicts, (2) expose them to cameras and (3) make them hang with Steven Adler. What could go wrong?

Obviously, it's not like you feel good about yourself when you watch *Celebrity Rehab*. These people are in rough shape, and you don't have to be a doctor to question whether any of this counts as humane medical care. Even medieval peasants, whose idea of healing involved leeches and blood-

letting, knew better than to go through detox while sharing a bathroom with a drummer.

But somehow, the sleaze doesn't seem to rub off on Dr. Drew. This man is definitely the blue in the toilet bowl. He oozes calm and compassion, and no matter how tawdry or exploitative the surroundings, he never loses his patrician cool. By combining America's two favorite addictions – getting wasted and getting filmed – he's built himself into a one-man redemption industry.

Ever since he became a star on MTV's *Loveline*, his trademark has been to look the viewer in the eye and coax forth the magic words, “Wow, that guy *really cares!*” That's a more difficult trick than it seems, especially after nearly 15 years. The fact that he chooses to appear in such trashy vehicles? That just makes it seem like he *cares even harder!*

Every time I watch, I'm impressed by the advice he gives out, and I think, “He must be an incredible therapist.” But I also think, “So why the hell is such a sensible medicine man giving Amy Fisher a platform to pro-

mote her porn career? Why did he commemorate Corey Haim's death by complaining that he could never get Haim on the show? What does it take to embarrass this man?”

His Mr. Rogers mensch appeal takes a real beating with his new tabloid-headline chat show on HLN. It's straight-up sleaze, but the presence of an M.D. just makes the proceed-

THE WATCH LIST

Man vs. Wild

Mondays, 9 p.m., Discovery

The incomparably butch Bear Grylls returns for more sick grizzly-man shit. He also brings guest star Jake Gyllenhaal into the frozen caves of Iceland for some *Brokeback Mountain* gags – even funnier than the Will Ferrell episode.

Gordon Ramsay's Great Escape

Tuesdays, 9 p.m.,

BBC America

Having worn out his welcome in the rest of the world, the *Hell's Kitchen* hothead goes on a food-porn odyssey in Asia, where people haven't learned to hate him yet. **R.S.**

ings more humiliating for all concerned – what is a doctor doing on the same network as Nancy Grace? Nobody blames Pantsuit Nance for this crap – she's an idiot, so how else is she going to spend her time? But it's a worse look for Dr. Drew, because there isn't even the slightest hint of taking the medical high road. He chases the same scandal-slobber stories as everyone else, covering every gory detail of the Casey Anthony trial. He can't pretend there's any therapeutic goal here.

The new season of *Celebrity Rehab* makes you marvel at how much he gets away with. In recent months, two former cast members have died, Jeff Conaway from *Taxi* and Mike Starr of Alice in Chains. You'd think that might cast a major shadow over the whole idea of televised detox, right? Yet Drew merely mentions them in passing: “Sadly, this year we lost two of our own. But it only strengthens my resolve to fight this deadly disease.”

It boggles the mind. If two *Dancing With the Stars* vets died in the line of duty – crushed in a fox-trot mishap, or trampled by an enraged *pasodoble* – it's hard to imagine that wouldn't be a big deal. But for Dr. Drew, it just proves the world needs more of him.

Celebrity Rehab is not exactly the strongest case you could make for rehab, or for sanity, or for celebrity. The star is Steven Adler, the only guy who could get kicked out of Guns n' Roses for doing too many drugs. As for his fellow addicts, they're the usual basket cases, angling for enough screen time to land them on a more upscale reality show. Everybody here knows that they'll get rewarded with screen time if they snap – so they snap, while Dr. Drew keeps acting surprised.

Why is he doing this? That's the mystery. The harder Dr. Drew cares, the more baffling he seems. Despite the fact that he has an admirable ability to point out flaws in everyone else's decisionmaking process, his own decisions led him to *Celebrity Rehab* and HLN. People watch him, but none of us will ever really know him, and he likes it that way. Someday, soldier, this war is gonna end. **G**

A full-page photograph of Lil Wayne and Lil Yvst performing on stage. Lil Wayne, on the left, is wearing a white t-shirt and dark pants, with his arms raised. Lil Yvst, on the right, is wearing a red t-shirt and dark pants, also with her arms raised. Both are wearing red and white Converse sneakers. The background is a warm, golden-yellow stage light.

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SEA OF WASTE
A massive landfill in
Shanghai overflowed
with single-use bags.

The Plastic Bag Wars

The world consumes 1 million plastic shopping bags every minute – and the industry is fighting hard to keep it that way

★ By Kitt Doucette ★

AERICAN SHOPPERS USE AN estimated 102 billion plastic shopping bags each year – more than 500 per consumer. Named by Guinness World Records as “the most ubiquitous consumer item in the world,” the ultrathin bags have become a leading source of pollution worldwide. They litter the world’s beaches, clog city sewers, contribute to floods in developing countries and fuel a massive flow of plastic waste that is killing wildlife from sea turtles to camels. “The plastic bag has come to represent the collective sins of the age of plastic,” says Susan Freinkel, author of *Plastic: A Toxic Love Story*.

Many countries have instituted tough new rules to curb the use of plastic bags. Some, like China, have issued outright bans. Others, including many European nations, have imposed stiff fees to pay for the mess created by all the plastic trash. “There is simply zero justification for manufacturing them anymore, anywhere,” the

KITT DOUCETTE wrote about marine waste in “Ocean of Plastic” in RS 1090.

United Nations Environment Programme recently declared. But in the United States, the plastics industry has launched a concerted campaign to derail and defeat anti-bag measures nationwide. The effort includes well-placed political donations, intensive lobbying at both the state and national levels, and a pervasive PR campaign designed to shift the focus away from plastic bags to the supposed threat of canvas and paper bags – including misleading claims that reusable bags “could” contain bacteria and unsafe levels of lead.

“It’s just like Big Tobacco,” says Amy Westervelt, founding editor of Plastic Free Times, a website sponsored by the nonprofit Plastic Pollution Coalition. “They’re using the same underhanded tactics – and even using the same lobbying firm that Philip Morris started and bankrolled in the Nineties. Their sole aim is to maintain the status quo and protect their profits. They will stop at nothing to suppress or discredit science that clearly links chemicals in plastic to negative impacts on human, animal and environmental health.”

Made from high-density polyethylene – a byproduct of oil and natural gas – the single-use shopping bag was invented by a Swedish company in the mid-Sixties and brought to the U.S. by ExxonMobil. Introduced to grocery-store checkout lines in 1976, the “T-shirt bag,” as it is known in the industry, can now be found literally everywhere on the planet, from the bottom of the ocean to the peaks of Mount Everest. The bags are durable, waterproof, cheaper to produce than paper bags and able to carry 1,000 times their own weight. They are also a nightmare to recycle: The flimsy bags, many thinner than a strand of human hair, gum up the sorting equipment used by most recycling facilities. “Plastic bags and other thin-film plastic is the number-one enemy of the equipment we use,” says Jeff Murray, vice president of Far West Fibers, the largest recycler in Oregon. “More than 300,000 plastic bags are removed from our machines every day – and since most of the removal has to be done by hand, that means more than 25 percent of our labor costs involves plastic-bag removal.”

The initial resistance to plastic bags came from manufacturers of paper bags, who saw them as a major threat. Environmentalists took up the cause of eliminating single-use bags in the 1990s, but they made little headway until a sailor and researcher named Charles Moore passed through the North Pacific Gyre in 1997 and drew international attention to the vast flood of plastic trash polluting the world's oceans.

The first nationwide ban was enacted a decade ago in Bangladesh, after plastic bags clogged storm drains and caused massive floods. China issued a top-down order banning plastic bags in June 2008 – just two months before it hosted the Olympics – in an effort to reduce the amount of “white pollution.” Even though the ban is openly flouted by street vendors, it has still made a tremendous impact: In the first year alone, China decreased its use of plastic bags by two-thirds, eliminating some 40 billion bags – a move that saved the energy equivalent of 11.7 million barrels of oil.

The Indian city of Delhi boasts some of the world's most aggressive legislation on plastic bags, not only fining individual users and businesses that hand out the bags but also threatening jail time for offenders and plastic-bag manufacturers. This year, Italy became the first European country to issue a nationwide ban on plastic bags, while Ireland places a 15-cent fee on every bag – a move that reduced usage by 90 percent in the first three months. All told, 25 percent of the world's population now lives in areas with bans or fees on plastic bags.

WHILE OTHER NATIONS have effectively cracked down on plastic bags, the U.S. government has left local communities to fend for themselves. In 2007, San Francisco became the first

American city to ban plastic bags, and Washington, D.C., has imposed a five-cent fee per bag, cutting monthly use from 22.5 million bags to barely 3 million. Unlike attacks on plastic products such as Styrofoam, which were orchestrated by well-known environmental groups, the fight against plastic bags has been led for the most part by community organizers and concerned citizens who put pressure on their local businesses and governments. In recent years, a growing number of U.S. communities – from 30 townships in Alaska to the Outer Banks of North Carolina – have introduced some 200 anti-bag measures.

The widespread mobilization against plastic bags has sparked a counterattack by the plastics industry, which was slow to react to the rising tide of negative sentiment among consumers. Leading the charge to protect the plastic bag is the American Chemistry Council, an industry group whose members include petrochemical giants like ExxonMobil and Dow Chemical. With 125 employees and more than \$120 million in annual revenues, the ACC and its members are using their deep pockets and extensive political connections to overturn bans on plastic bags, cast doubt on legitimate scientific studies and even file lawsuits against anti-bag activists. The council, which spent \$8 million on lobbying alone last year, has also put together a front group called the Progressive Bag Affiliates, made up of top bag manufacturers like Hilex Poly, Super-bag and Unistar Plastics.

The industry campaign has already won several victories. In 2008, after Seattle imposed a 20-cent fee on plastic bags, the ACC spent \$180,000 to gather enough signatures to put the issue on the ballot, then devoted another \$1.4 million to overturn

the fee – the most spent on any Seattle referendum. The industry campaign relied largely on scare tactics, falsely claiming that the fee would cost the average consumer an extra \$300 a year. In the end, it came down to money: The bag fee was soundly defeated.

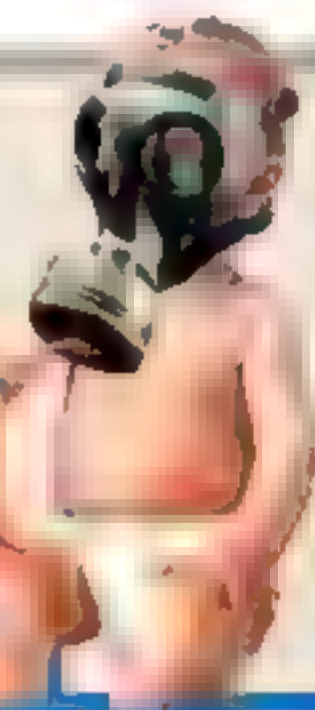
Last year, the ACC weighed in to defeat AB 1998, a California proposal to ban the use of plastic bags in supermarkets, liquor stores and convenience stores statewide. The bill was supported by a broad coalition that included major grocers and retailers as well as recyclers and environmentalists, and Gov. Arnold Schwarzenegger threw his support behind the measure. “There is no question that getting rid of plastic bags would be a great victory for the environment,” he told *ROLLING STONE*. “In California, we put together a coalition of grocers, environmentalists and labor to confront this issue head-on, and it is my hope that the coalition will continue fighting until single-use plastic bags are an ancient memory.”

The ACC and its member companies were determined not to let that happen. In the months before the vote, the industry spent \$2 million on contributions to key legislators, extensive lobbying and media ads that portrayed the ban as a “hidden tax on grocery bills” that would “create a new state bureaucracy.” Yielding to industry pressure, the state Senate rejected the ban by a vote of 21 to 14. Even some industry insiders lamented the decision. “AB 1998 was not perfect, but it would have settled the issue and we could all have moved forward,” Robert Bateman, president of bag manufacturer Roplast Industries, wrote in an industry trade journal. “As it is, the uncertainty remains and we are having to deal with a new initiative to ban thin bags each month – or is it each week?”

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: GETTY IMAGES; DIGITALLY ALTERED BY “ROLLING STONE”; CHEVROLET; GETTY IMAGES; LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; SIPSE/AP IMAGES; 5 MON DAWSON/BLOOMBERG/GETTY IMAGES; J.S. ARMY; DIG. TALLY ALTERED BY “ROLLING STONE”; ZUMA PRESS/NEWS.COM; DIG. TALLY ALTERED BY “ROLLING STONE”; NO CREDIT; THOMAS MUKOVIA/REUTERS; LANDOV; RAY MASSEY/GETTY IMAGES

THREAT ASSESSMENT

New EPA pollution curbs to save up to **34,000** lives a year.



Obama pushes for **56 mpg** cars by 2025

White House to write **condolence letters** to families of soldiers who commit suicide in war zones.



B. J. Clinton: GOP schemes to disqualify voters are worst since **Jim Crow**.

Mexican **prison escape**: nice try.



WITH US

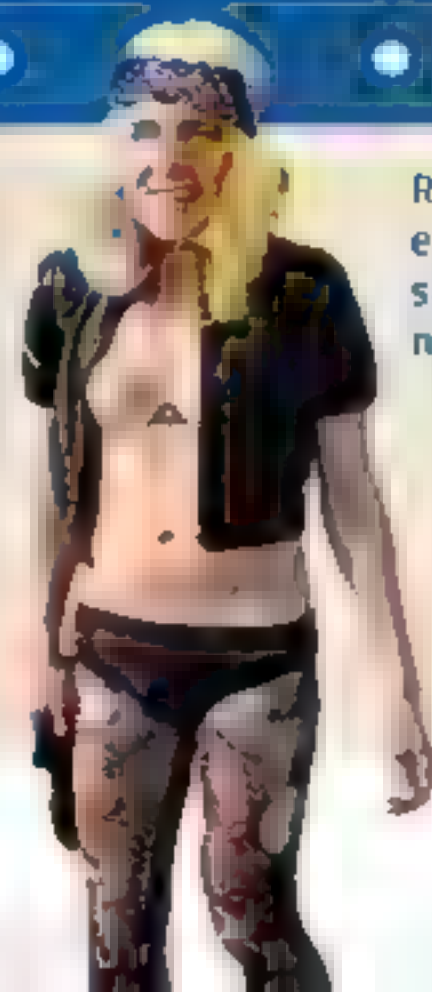
Bahamas bans shark fishing.

World's newest country: South Sudan



Hells yeah
Indiana schools stop teaching cursive.

Tim Pawlenty, “Born This Way” fan



Renewable energy in U.S. surpasses nuclear.



Pentagon suspends “don’t ask, don’t tell.”

News of the World, **RIP**



THE WARNING PROVED PROPHETIC. In June, the Oregon legislature rejected a statewide ban on plastic bags after the industry moved to aggressively defeat it. "I'm blown away by the campaign to block this bill by out-of-state interests," says state Sen. Mark Hass, who co-authored the measure. Hilex Poly, a leading bag manufacturer, went so far as to meet with Hass and suggest that it might be willing to build a plant to recycle plastic bags in Oregon – if he agreed to not only drop the statewide ban but also prevent cities and counties from placing their own restrictions on plastic bags.

Hass rejected the deal. "The more I look into the recycling of plastic bags," he says, "the more I think these recycling plants are more of a PR stunt than anything of substance." Because most recycling plants can't handle the ultrathin trash, fewer than nine percent of plastic bags in the U.S. are recycled in any form.

In an even more disturbing tactic, the industry has begun filing lawsuits against activists who raise the alarm about plastic bags. The suits – known as Strategic Litigation Against Public Participation, or SLAPP – are a form of corporate bullying, designed to intimidate and silence opponents who lack the resources to defend themselves against billion-dollar companies. The industry has sued every city or county in California that has passed anti-bag legislation, demanding that the local governments pay for expensive, indepen-

dent studies on the environmental impact of eliminating plastic bags. And in January, three leading plastic-bag manufacturers filed suit against ChicoBag, a small California company that makes reusable shopping bags, accusing it of causing "irreparable harm" to their business by defaming their product.

ChicoBag was founded by Andy Keller, an unemployed software salesman who visited his local landfill after an afternoon

500 plastic bags, the number used annually by the average American shopper – have visited schools, shopping malls and even the White House.

The industry is suing ChicoBag in South Carolina, the home state of Hilex Poly, which offers little protection against SLAPP suits. Although the lawsuit could put Keller out of business – he has few resources to devote to a prolonged legal battle – it has also backfired on the industry,

drawing even more attention to the excessive waste caused by plastic bags. "The whole idea of them suing me is to stop me," Keller says. "But instead, it has ended up galvanizing the entire movement. It's like a big school bully that came to try and take my lunch money, and then all the other kids who got picked on start standing up and saying, 'Hey, we're not going to take it anymore.'"

Whatever the outcome, the lawsuit reveals just how much the growing movement to eliminate plastic bags has frightened the plastics industry. Banning plastic bags is ultimately a statement

against the disposable, throwaway culture we all have become accustomed to and dependent upon. If the plastic bag falls, what's next? Styrofoam? Plastic water bottles? "We're going to keep pushing this issue," says Sarah Sikich, director of coastal resources for Heal the Bay, an environmental group based in Southern California. "It's a battle we can win. In the end, public awareness and the grassroots movement will overcome the deep pockets of industry groups like the ACC."



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Boeing charges Pentagon \$71 for **tiny metal helicopter** part worth four cents.

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AGAINST US

\$100,000 razor equipped with **sapphire blades**.

Government shutdown creates **beer shortages** in Minnesota bars.

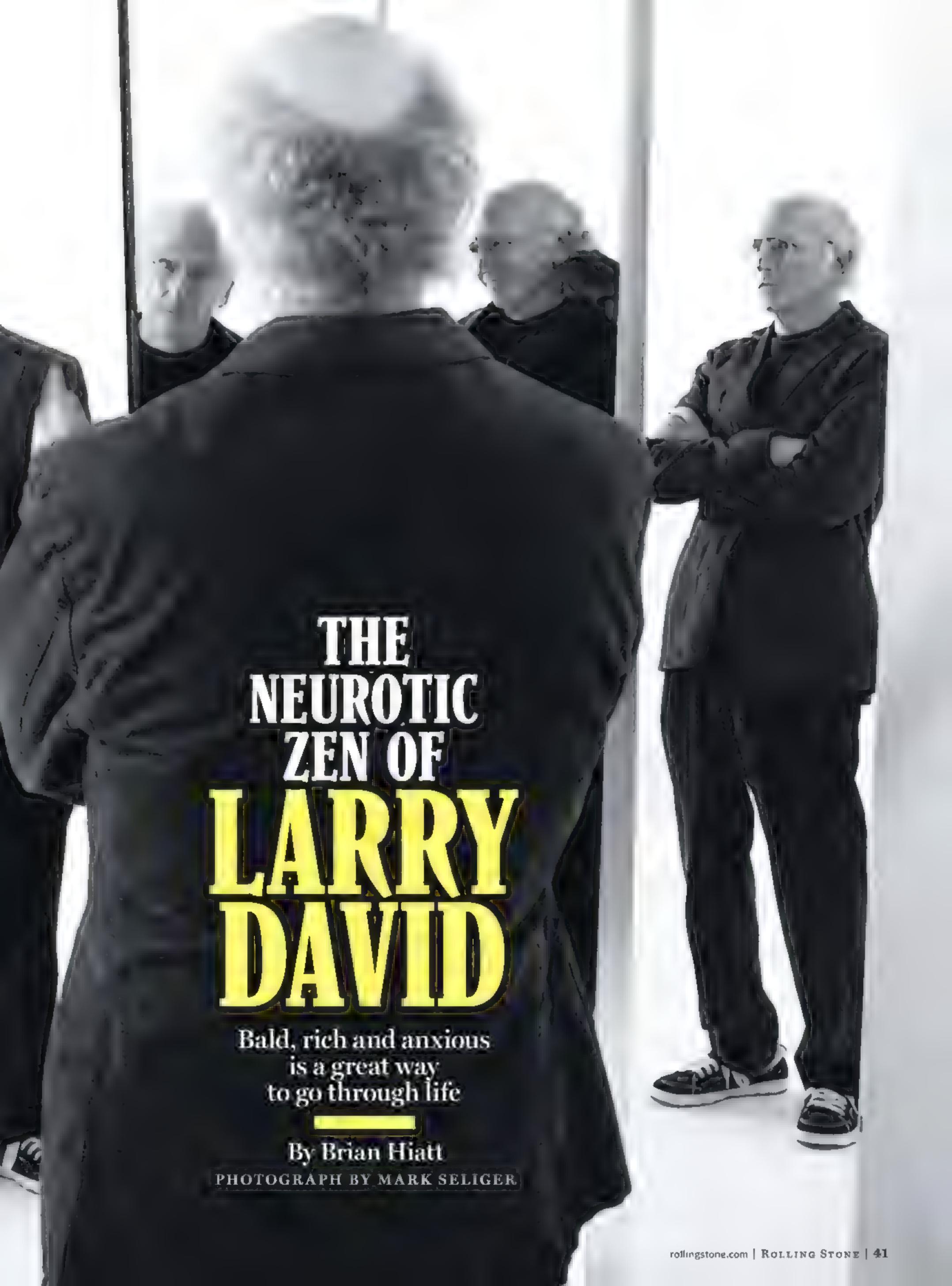
Albania dedicates statue to George W. Bush.

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**THE
NEUROTIC
ZEN OF
LARRY
DAVID**

Bald, rich and anxious
is a great way
to go through life

By Brian Hiatt

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER

HE MIGHT NOT AGREE, BUT LARRY DAVID IS LOOKING pretty, pretty good here in the Pacific Palisades sunshine on this Tuesday afternoon in late spring. His symmetrical head is tanned to a golden sheen from endless weekend rounds of golf, its eggish shape recapitulated in each of the lenses of his wire-rimmed glasses; the gleaming white of his well-tended teeth matches the lupine sideburns that extend from his fringe of hair. He's wearing a familiar-looking outfit: a blue sport coat over a gray sweater with a zip-up neck, khakis, suede sneakers – as usual, it's all from his *Curb Your Enthusiasm* wardrobe, underwear excepted. ♦ “Here's the question,” David muses, leaning against a parking meter. “With the hair technol-

ogy they have now, would I have made use of it if they had it when I started to lose my hair? I was a good candidate. Sometimes I have these fantasies of just moving to a foreign country and coming back with a full head of hair.” He cracks up, though he's not exactly joking. “Or not even come back! Make a new life there with hair. Starting anew with a full head of hair. Change my name, just see what happens.”

Two teenage girls walking by smile and wave when they spot him – he offers a cheerful hello. David is standing in front of the pink-stucco facade and green awnings of Café Vida, a local health-food place where he just picked up a kale-infused green drink – part of a strict health regimen that he's hoping will forestall death, or at least infirmity. As the dry-cleaning lady who nearly slept with his character in one *Curb* episode observed, he is, at 64, quite fit: three days a week of weights, two days on the exercise bike, all that walking on the golf course.

David just finished running an errand across the street, which went smoothly. On *Curb*, HBO's longest-running show, the task would have caused a misunderstanding that would spiral into calamity – and then unexpectedly intertwine with another social disaster or two to create roughly 28 minutes of deliriously hilarious awkwardness. Such is the stuff that has made him one of the most influential comedy auteurs of the past quarter-century – reshaping the sitcom as co-creator of *Seinfeld*, and then doing it again with the improv-heavy *Curb*, which paved the way for Judd Apatow's loose, naturalistic comedies, and opened the door for *The Office* and *Parks and Recreation*.

Today's successful errand entailed picking up a just-repaired pair of glasses, the long-since-discontinued Oliver Peoples frames he's been wearing since 1990, back when he had just started as executive producer of *Seinfeld*. “I can't find another pair of glasses,” he says. “I just like them. And now it's too late to change, even if I didn't like them. It would be like getting a toupee. It feels like a big step.”

This is a good time to catch up with Larry David. He's finished all 10 episodes of *Curb*'s new season, and hasn't yet begun agonizing over whether to do more, which could, in turn, lead to the even more painful process of writing another set of episodes – or rather, assembling eight-page outlines that set up the improvised dialogue, a process he likens to “putting together a giant jigsaw puzzle.”

“This is the sweet spot for Larry, when the show's in the can,” says his friend Richard Lewis, who's known him since they were sports-camp rivals somewhere around 1960, two Brooklyn Jewish kids who hated each other on sight. “Walking around like Fred Astaire, dancing around, saying ‘hello’ to people. It's like some weird animal on the Discovery Channel that hides for 11 months and then comes out – it's the Larry David that only lasts for, like, a month.”

Hands in his khaki pockets, David strolls back to his mint-green Prius, parked conveniently around the corner. (“Is there anything better than a parking space? It's so satisfying.”) Starting the engine, he says that losing his hair “wasn't as bad as you'd imagine it to be. Not as bad. When I look in the mirror, I don't really see a bald guy. I see bald when I see myself on TV. As I'm talking to you right now, I don't feel bald. I know that I'm bald, but I don't feel bald. Shouldn't I feel bald?”

Driving along, he grins in appreciation as a middle-aged woman hustles across

a crosswalk. “She's not strolling, holding up traffic,” he says. “She's being considerate of cars, and very few pedestrians have any consideration for cars at all.”

IT STARTED, BY THE WAY, WITH what a TV show would call a cold open: My cellphone rings one afternoon, and Larry David's assistant puts her boss on the line. We've never spoken before, but he doesn't bother saying hello. “I'm sick about this,” David says, by way of introduction. “I want out.”

Fifteen minutes earlier, he says, he had pecked out an e-mail on his BlackBerry canceling his ROLLING STONE cover story – but never hit SEND. “I figured, ah, it's too late,” David says. “It's like my marriage: You're already committed. You don't want it, but it's too late.” (Later, he adds, “I don't even know why I'm doing this. My parents are dead – this is the kind of thing you do when your parents are alive. It must be for women.”)

He sighs, and we talk logistics – the kind of thing every other celebrity would have their publicists and assistants handle. We decide that I'll fly to L.A. the next week and hang out with him there. “What is this, a buddy movie?” David says, raising his voice as if he's arguing with Richard Lewis in a restaurant. “We're going to become best friends now? Next week is going to be all Larry and Brian?” He adds a warning: “You have to make all the plans. I'm not making any plans.”

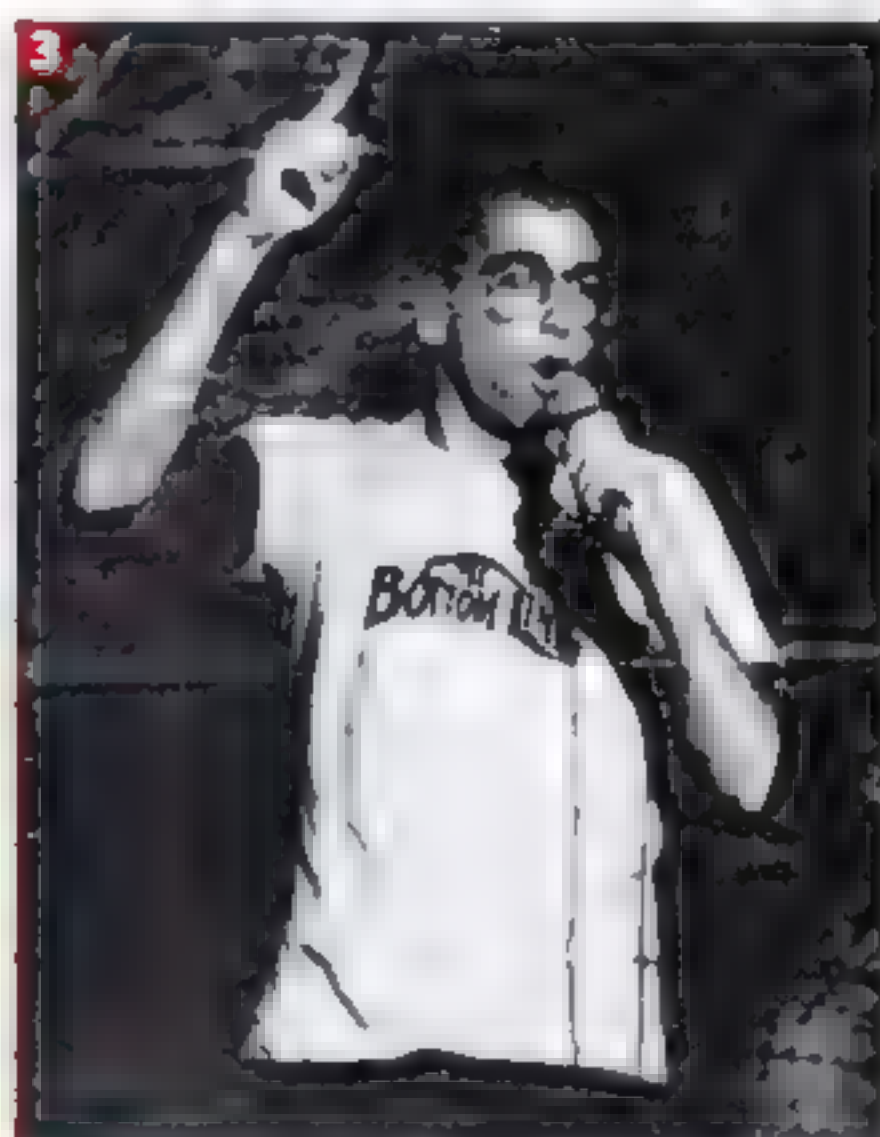
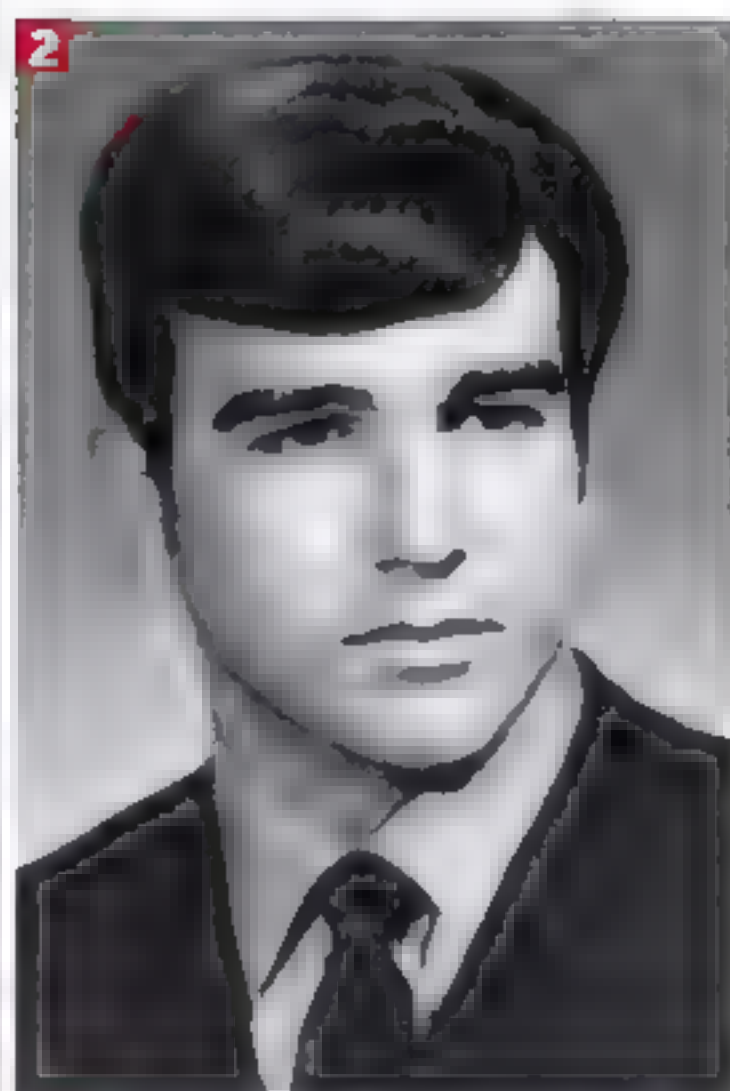
I interject a sputtering protest – if I decide where we go, it will reflect me, not him.

“That's the point!” David says, sounding exactly like a triumphant George Costanza. “There's nothing that reflects me! I'm unreflectable!”

The next week, David greets me with a smile at the door of his two-story, four-bedroom Mediterranean-style house, also in Pacific Palisades. The house sits directly on the golf course where he plays. “This is my post-divorce house,” he says. David split from his wife of 14 years, environmental activist Laurie David, in 2007, and they now share custody of their two teenage daughters. They have an unusually amicable relationship, meeting up for regular Sunday-night dinners with the kids and spending holidays together. “He's so much better as an ex-husband,” says Laurie. “He takes ex-husbandry to a new level.”

He doesn't exactly paint the breakup as a tragedy. Before he found the house, he lived for a while in an oceanfront Santa Monica apartment complex informally known as Divorce Towers. A recently separated Hollywood executive lived in an adjoining apartment. “He would open the door to go to work, and I'd open my door,” says David, “and you've never seen two happier people. We were just delighted.” (Laurie calls this kind of talk “pure

**“FROM THE TIME
I BECAME A
TEENAGER, I THINK
SOMEWHERE DEEP
INSIDE ME, I FELT OR
KNEW THAT I WAS A
HOPELESS CASE.”**



Meet the Davids

David's Brooklyn childhood set the tone for *Seinfeld* and *Curb Your Enthusiasm*. His extended-family household had "all kinds of fights going on, and yelling, and everybody knew your business." (1) With his parents at his bar mitzvah at age 13. (2) As a college student in 1969. (3) Performing stand-up in the 1970s.

bullshit." "Breaking up is hard to do. It's torture," she says. "But I think he's happy now. For a guy who spends endless hours on a golf course, it's best not to have a wife waiting for you at home.")

It's 11 a.m., and David has finished his weights workout in the basement gym and had his first health shake of the day, plus some hot cereal with rice milk and blueberries. He pours me a third of a glass of coconut water from a glass bottle with a handmade label. "I'm not going to give you that much, you know why? Because it's too valuable! I can't spare more than that. You may think this is me being chintzy, but for me to give somebody this much coconut water, this is a huge deal."

We sit down at a rustic wooden table in the hardwood-floored living room, just off the kitchen – it brings to mind the bit from last season's *Curb* about "respecting wood." It turns out his daughters are offenders. The table was one of the first pieces of furniture he had on his own, and he was initially protective. "I'm like, 'Come on, put a coaster down.' They don't want to live like that."

Senior writer BRIAN HIATT profiled *My Morning Jacket* in RS 1134/1135.

David grabs a golf club and walks out back, where there's a small yard, a tiled deck, an infinity pool that he doesn't use ("I don't care for water. I love to shower, don't get me wrong") – and a jaw-dropping view of his country club's golf course, green and inviting in the endless distance. He starts practicing his swing. "See, if I could do that out there, everything would be fine," he says, after a particularly smooth stroke. "It's kind of sad! I feel very bad for the wealthy man – everything's not going his way."

He's supposed to keep his head down when he swings, but something – some psychological block – gets in his way. He's tried to fix it, gone to coaches, but nothing's worked. Is he a hopeless case? "I'm a hopeless case only insofar as I'm concerned; nobody else would consider me a hopeless case," he says, heading back inside. (In fact, he's a decent golfer, with a handicap of 13.) He thinks for a second and begins to laugh uncontrollably. "There's something very funny about the term 'hopeless case,' you know? I think that from the time I became a teenager, I think somewhere deep inside me, I felt or I knew that I was a hopeless case. Not golfwise but lifewise."

When did he make this determination? "I don't know, it must have been one of those moments where there was an attractive woman and I didn't have the courage to walk up to her," he says. "It must have been a moment like that. I'd always watch the guys who were smooth with the women and be in awe of them – cool guys who could say anything and behave in any way. I really admired those guys, even if they were criminals. Even if they were reprobates, I admired them. Anybody who was considered cool, I admired."

His dad worked in the garment industry, and his mother worked for the city. David grew up in a Brooklyn household that he remembers as "raucous. Ruckus and rau-

cous. My aunt lived next door, and we were very friendly with the other neighbors across the hall, so there were three apartments in arm's length of each other, and people constantly coming in, in and out, fighting, screaming. I had an uncle and my grandmother upstairs, and another cousin upstairs and two more cousins and my aunt and uncle next door, and I just remember it as being very busy, and a lot of yelling. My parents fighting, my father fighting with my brother, my mother fighting with my brother, I'm fighting with my mother, my mother's fighting with our sister, I'm fighting with my cousin, there's all kinds of fights going on, and yelling, and also, everybody knew your business."

He hated that part. "You would do something during the day, and then all of a sudden, during dinner, my aunt would come in and say, 'So, Larry, I hear you have a date.' 'How would you know something like that?' 'Larry, I heard you talking to Stella's daughter.' Everybody knew everything. It was very smothering."

David was a smash in an eighth-grade play in junior high (he played a woman), but he quit performing for a decade after an incident in summer camp. "Once I auditioned for something and a kid called me a faggot, and that kind of registered with me: 'Oh, is that what I'm going to have to put up with if I do this? Because I'm not going to be able to handle that.' One 'faggot,' and I was done! Profiles in courage." (It gets better, little Larry.)

He went off to study history at the University of Maryland, with no particular career in mind, and never stepped on-stage there. He had enough trouble adjusting to the sudden advent of hippie style: "I was not going to wear bell-bottoms, I knew that. And my Jewfro could only go to a certain length, and after that, it was a problem. And I couldn't do hippie talk, I couldn't adapt to the lingo, I had a very difficult time with the lingo. 'Man...' It

just wouldn't come out of my mouth, I couldn't bring myself to use those words. I was too uptight to say 'uptight.' He couldn't smoke pot, either – the *Curb* episode where he starts screaming at himself in the mirror was an accurate depiction of his reaction to THC. (And he wasn't a fan of coke in the next decade: "That's another one I didn't get. It did nothing for me, and the sharing of the nostrils – that was so repugnant.")

He lost his virginity around age 20, and never felt like he got any of the era's free love. "It was like an all-gentile country club, and I wasn't allowed in. I couldn't get in the club. They knew that I was trying to sneak in, they knew that I wasn't really a part of the culture, and they go, 'No, no, we see through you, you can't come in.'"

There had always been trouble in this area. "A kiss was really a fascinating thing to me, because there were pictures of people having intercourse; you could see how that worked," he says. "You knew what an erection was, you knew where it was supposed to go, so you could see the dynamic of it, but you'd see people in the movies kissing, and you had no idea – what were they doing? There was no camera in the mouth. I was very trepidatious about that. I avoided it for a long time, because I obviously wasn't going to do it right."

"Also because I didn't want to be discussed as not being good," he continues. "I knew there was a big gossip factor. I didn't want that humiliation of walking down the halls and people going, 'He doesn't know how to kiss.' When he finally did kiss a girl, at age 15, it didn't go well. 'I saw right away that I didn't know how to do it. I put my mouth on someone, and that's all that happened, and then I withdrew and made up an excuse, and I didn't do it again.'"

David was an athletic kid, a good basketball player, but a worrier practically from birth. "I was afraid of things. I was afraid of the dark, afraid of being alone, afraid of death, afraid of robbers, afraid of failure."

THE WORD "NEUROTIC" FEELS too easy – but how else to describe Larry David? "It's not the classic neurotic, it's an original neurotic," says Laurie David. "It's his own category. The kids are driving for the first time, he's not worried. Sleepovers, not worried. Kids in the pool, not worried. He



A Serious Man

(1) At a table read for one of *Seinfeld*'s final episodes with Julia Louis-Dreyfus and Jerry Seinfeld in 1998. (2) David and *Curb* castmate Jeff Garlin are pals on and off the set. (3) At the Playboy Club with longtime friend Richard Lewis in the early Eighties.

worries about, you know, someone poisoning his food – like, crazy things."

He quit *Seinfeld* after seven seasons largely to avoid the pressure of topping himself. "There was this feeling that it's not going to be as good," he says. "I didn't want it to fall off. You can't keep doing this year after year; it's going to be impossible. It felt like almost too much pressure, and too much work. Who wants to work?"

Now, each season of *Curb Your Enthusiasm* is the last season. Even after he's deep into crafting new episodes, he reserves the right to pull the plug. Two telephones, one green, one red, sit on the bookshelves in David's Santa Monica office, a gift from David Mandel, Alec Berg and Jeff Schaffer – the three former *Seinfeld* writers who have been working with David on *Curb* since Season Five. "We got him those as a

joke," says Berg, "because we kept saying, like, 'Red phone! Season's off!'"

"There's hardly anything I've ever done that I didn't want to back out of," David says, before paraphrasing a line he put in George's mouth in a *Seinfeld* episode, "I've never had an appointment in my life where I wanted the other person to show up."

As David and the writers plot out each episode on a dry-erase board in his office (which currently holds a list of his golf clubs instead), they hit a point about three-quarters through the story where all seems lost. Says Schaffer, "Every time, he goes, 'Is this one harder than all the others?' We go, 'You've said this every time, every episode.' We put a spot on the dry-erase board where we know he's gonna say it."

Adds Mandel, "We'll do, like, the first two episodes, and those will come pour-

ing out. Then in the third one, we'll hit two story lines that aren't connecting. And then, all hope is lost. 'We gotta shut this thing down.' When the stories are pouring out, he's like a gambler riding the high, and then when it turns, 'We're never gonna solve this. We're never gonna get this!'"

The trivia of everyday life can be just as fraught. After we leave his house, David drives over to his Santa Monica office, where the plan is to order in soup and salad. But as his assistant, an exceptionally patient young woman named Laura, heads out for soup, he hesitates, entering a Hamlet-like state of tortured indecision. "Maybe we should go out for lunch," he says. "Do you want to go out?" He sits at his desk, hands folded beneath his chin, and begins making thoughtful popping sounds with his tongue, wordlessly weighing his options for what feels like forever.

"This is pretty much his biggest decision of the day," Laura says, waiting in the doorway. "I better cancel the soups."

"Nah, get the soups," David says, suddenly decisive.

"You sure?"

"Ehhh," David says, hands folded at his chin, back in deep thought. I suggest flipping a coin. Finally, after a long interval, he hops to his feet. "Let's go out!"

David's friends have better eccentric-Larry stories. (A quick one: He recently tried to get Lewis to have dinner with him at 4:30 p.m.) Years ago, Cheryl Hines, who plays his long-suffering, now ex-wife, was talking to David on the phone while he edited the HBO special that turned into the series. He invited her over to see some footage, and she told him she just had to jump in the shower first. He hesitated – he wasn't sure he'd be in the editing room long enough – so Hines offered to skip the shower and come right over.

"I don't like the sound of that, either," David told her. "I'm not going to be able to concentrate with you sitting there, knowing you didn't shower."

"Oh, my God, OK. I will shower but I won't wash my hair so I'll be clean and I will put my hair in a ponytail," Hines told him.

"OK, OK," David said. "We can try that."

"That's when I knew," Hines says with great affection, "that, oh, my God, he's really crazy."

Maybe so. But it's a very different brand of insanity from his *Curb Your Enthusiasm* character: That guy doesn't worry about anything, and he does exactly what he wants at all times. "The show Larry is much more aggressive," says Laurie. "The real Larry is very gentle and very sweet and doesn't like to offend people."

"He's my version of Superman," adds David. "The character really is me, but I just couldn't possibly behave like that. If

I had my druthers, that would be me all the time, but you can't do that. We're always doing things we don't want to do, we never say what we really feel, and so this is an idealized version of how I want to be. As crazy as this person is, I could step into those shoes right now, but I would be arrested or I'd be hit or whatever."

JB Smoove, who plays David's perpetual houseguest, Leon – perhaps the single funniest character currently on television – has his own take on the matter. "They are the same motherfucker," he says. "Larry David is uncomfortable in person, he's uncomfortable on the show. If you're on the goddamn show and your name is Larry David, and you leave the fucking show and get in your car and go home after shooting *Curb Your Enthusiasm* and your name is Larry David...guess what? You motherfucking Larry David. They are one and the same. There's no goddamn difference." That said, Smoove doesn't spend much time with David off the set. "Larry could be doing any fucking thing. For all I know, Larry dresses up like a hip-hop star in his spare time."

OVER AT THE IVY AT THE SHORE, a Santa Monica offshoot of the perennial Hollywood power spot, our food arrives with nearly magical speed. There's a sprig of something or other sitting on David's grilled salmon, and he eyes it warily before plucking it off his plate with evident hostility. "I have contempt for garnish," he says with a big laugh, when I notice this maneuver. "Total contempt for garnish. I don't understand garnish. I don't think anybody appreciates garnish. I don't get it."

As he eats, David discusses his time as a stand-up comedian – which is clearly unresolved business for him. His initial post-college years were aimless, desperate and full of romantic frustration; he spent time as a bra salesman and a cab driver. "I sat through *Taxi Driver* and went, 'That's me, I'm Travis,'" he jokes. "I didn't feel like a murderous psychopath, but I did feel, at times, psychopathic. It wasn't uncommon for me to get in a big fight on the street, a screaming fight about something stupid."

"THE CHARACTER REALLY IS ME, BUT I COULDN'T POSSIBLY BEHAVE LIKE THAT. HE'S HOW I WANT TO BE – MY VERSION OF SUPERMAN."

He used to wake up each morning and think, "Oh, no. This is going to be awful today." He briefly tried therapy: "I decided that it wasn't worth it unless he could get me a girlfriend, unless he was getting me laid – and he wasn't. Unless he was making me more successful, and he wasn't."

An acting class led him to comedy, which saved him. "I had things to say," he says. The gloriously foulmouthed Susie Essman, who played the same comedy clubs as David before becoming a *Curb* regular, remembers him as the "ultimate comic's comic" – other comedians would gather to watch his sets. "He would always focus on that one person out of maybe 600 who wasn't laughing, even if he was killing," she says.

He would also walk off in the middle of sets, or, on at least one occasion, before even telling a joke. "It was compelling, because you didn't know when something could happen," David says, with an odd degree of distance. "It was like watching McEnroe play tennis – you didn't know when he'd lose it."

He made just enough as a comedian to quit his day jobs, and landed a gig as a cast member on the short-lived *Saturday Night Live* competitor *Fridays*, along with future *Seinfeld* star Michael Richards, and then as a writer on *SNL* for a single season – where he managed to get only one skit on the air. He remains conflicted about his stand-up career. On one hand, he says, accurately, "I think I've presented too bleak a picture of the stand-up in general. I did have success – if I didn't, they wouldn't have put me up."

On the other hand: "I was missing something, something that I needed. Either the material wasn't funny enough, or I wasn't manipulating the audience enough. I couldn't go up and even say hello. My bedside manner was lacking. I'd say hello, but I couldn't sell it, I couldn't kiss their ass the way I needed to kiss it to really get them on my side. But even if I would have gone up and said hello in the right way, it probably wouldn't have worked anyway."

Later, he says that he regrets "every single word" he said on this subject: "I'm making excuses. If I was any good, I would have done well. So I probably wasn't any good."

After leaving *Seinfeld*, he made his first film, the unsuccessful *Sour Grapes* – and was planning a return to stand-up when he ended up making the *Curb Your Enthusiasm* HBO special that led to the series. Now, in his *Curb* downtime, he's started to work on stand-up material again. "I've always gone up as part of a showcase night with other people, or if I was with one or two others – they still had no idea who I was," he says. "I think it would be a great experience to be able to go up and have an audience there to see you, an audience of fans. It would be very [Cont. on 80]

VOICE OF

Javier Colon quit the Derek Trucks Band, had two flop albums and thought his career was over. Then NBC's smash music show came along **By Gavin Edwards**

YOU CAN LEARN A LOT ABOUT A GUY WHEN you hear what people say behind his back. So let's take a quick listen to what people who work with Javier Colon, winner of *The Voice*, have to say: "Nice guy." "Incredibly nice guy." "I hate all of my clients, but I love him." ♪ "He's such a pure, sweet human being," says Adam Levine, who acted as Colon's mentor on *The Voice*, the hit NBC talent competition. "There aren't enough of those guys in our business." Colon, 34, has been bouncing around the fringes of the music industry for more than a decade, with not much to show for it except two flop albums and a chestful of nice-guy medals. But now he's going to find out what actually happens when a nice guy finishes first. ♪ In his dressing room backstage at *The Tonight Show With Jay Leno*, Colon is reviewing some of the harmonies on his single "Stitch by Stitch" with backup singers Melanie Taylor and Steve Bertrand. He

PHOTOGRAPH BY **DOUG INGLISH**

AMERICA



MR. NICE GUY
Voice champion
Javier Colon



wasn't happy with everything at the camera rehearsal, but he's careful not to bruise any egos. "We're getting a little pitchy - it might be me," Colon says. He suggests the other vocalists drop out on a couple of problematic lines. Colon plays the ballad at high speed on his acoustic guitar, slowing down so all three can sing, "Put me back together now/Stitch by stitch." Colon's voice jumps out: Each note rings like a crystal goblet. "You're so talented," Taylor gushes, overcome by the positive vibes. "Let's sing around the campfire, Kumbaya!"

When the singers leave, Colon's manager, Stephen Brush, informs him that his various digital singles have sold 565,000 copies: "You're contributing to the GDP, man." Knock-knock: Jay Leno visits, in a denim shirt and jeans, checking that everything's OK. Colon and Leno chat affably; the singer asks the host which car he drove to the studio (a maroon Citroën DS, which Leno touts as "the most comfortable car ever made"). After Leno leaves, the *Tonight Show* bartender swings by, asking Colon if he'd like a cocktail. Colon doesn't drink, so he opts for club soda with a splash of cranberry juice.

After Kevin James, a guy in a gorilla suit and comic Ali Wong, Colon takes the stage, wearing an Armani leather jacket. He sings "Stitch by Stitch" so sweetly, it's easy to forget it's a plea from a shattered man. Behind Colon on the drum riser is a stuffed giraffe that Colon takes pictures of in exotic locales for his two young daughters back home in Connecticut.

After his performance, Colon trots to the desk for an interview. Glowing but humble, he tells Leno about his teenage schemes for marketing himself: Javi-Air sneakers and Javier Cologne for Men.

Contributing editor GAVIN EDWARDS profiled Aziz Ansari in RS 1108/1109.

NO MORE BLUES

Colon with his family and coach Levine (above) at the *Voice* finale in June, where he won a record deal and \$100,000 in front of 11 million viewers. The singer at age 15 (right).

Trading quips with Leno, Colon can't help but remember that only a few months ago, he was in a very different place: skating on the edge of being broke, trying to calculate which bills he could ignore.

COLON GREW UP IN STRATFORD, Connecticut; his father was a DJ at a Spanish-language radio station, and his mother ran a day care out of their house, where the radio was always on. Colon developed a taste for everything from Stevie Wonder to Metallica, but he was too shy to perform in public. After fifth grade, his mom promised him \$20 if he would perform in a summer-camp talent show - his first public performances were "Day-O" and "Parents Just Don't Understand."

Colon had an on-and-off relationship with his guitar: When he didn't practice, his mom wouldn't pay for lessons. But at 13, he discovered he could court girls by writing songs for them, and became an avid guitarist. He went to college for music at the Hartt music conservatory, at the University of Hartford, where he met his future wife, Maureen; they quickly married, when she was 19 and he was 20.

A few months after his graduation in 2000, he was tapped to be the lead singer of the Derek Trucks Band, led by the second-generation Allman Brothers guitar wizard. In Colon's first year, they played about 180 gigs. "We were road-dogging it," Trucks remembers. "We played a lot of shitty clubs together." Trucks gave Colon

a crash course on the band's influences, buying him CDs by Otis Redding, Donny Hathaway and even Pakistani devotional singer Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan. Trucks says he tried to further Colon's education in other ways: "We'd push him - 'Come on, Javier, we're trying to corrupt you' - but he never came over to the dark side. He was the choirboy of the band."

After two years, Colon left the group - he had offers from five different record labels, and signed with Capitol. Trucks wished him well, but presciently warned him about the treacherous nature of a major-label contract, telling him, "Be careful - it's a bad bank loan."

"The way that I sing is soulful," Colon says, "but when I pick up my guitar and write songs, it's more of a pop-folk thing. Music like James Taylor and Joni Mitchell has seeped into my guitar style." Colon recorded two albums for Capitol under the single name Javier: 2003's *Javier* and 2006's *Left of Center*. "The first record was a hybrid, a little R&B and a little pop, but they tried to force-feed it to an R&B audience," he says.

"Then the second album, they were like, 'Now you need to go heavy R&B,' which was the opposite of what I wanted to do."

He knows that he might have done better if he had been more ruthless. "You hear stories about folks that come in the room with an attitude," he says. "Not necessarily a good attitude, just one that demands attention, and people feed off that. I've never been that guy." A few months after *Left of Center* came out to resounding indifference, Capitol released Colon from his contract. With two duds on his résumé, he was no longer attractive to other labels. "Once I realized that things weren't going the way I would like them to, I didn't care about how I looked anymore," Colon says with a sigh. He ate whatever he wanted, which was a lot of french fries and ice cream. In the space of four years, he ballooned from 180 pounds to 265. "I wasn't happy," Colon says. "I didn't know what to do with the rest of my life if I wasn't singing."

Colon paid his bills playing corporate gigs, college shows, celebrity golf tournaments - but after a few years, even that work was drying up. He started to consider a full-time job, hopefully as a music teacher. Then his manager told him about auditions for *The Voice*, the American adaptation of a hit Dutch reality show. Colon almost blew off the audition because he was a bit hoarse. "I told my brother and he said, 'What else do you have going on that you wouldn't want to do an opportunity like that?'"

After making it through the first audition in New York, Colon decided it was



time to get back in shape. (He's currently just under 200 pounds.) For his blind audition, where coaches Levine, Cee Lo Green, Christina Aguilera and Blake Shelton listened to him with their backs turned, he sang Cyndi Lauper's "Time After Time." All four turned their chairs around, hoping to recruit Colon - which meant he could pick which team he would join. Having checked out the Dutch show on YouTube, Colon knew he would need an enthusiastic mentor to survive the early rounds of dueling duets. He chose Levine after the Maroon 5 singer pleaded, "I want to win this shit, so I really, really, really need you to pick me."

Colon says that Levine taught him to sing the first chorus of a cover cleanly, to emphasize its familiarity. After that? "Make it your own." Colon and Levine duetted memorably on Michael Jackson's "Man in the Mirror"; on the show's finale, Colon sang a lovely "Landslide" with Stevie Nicks. "I was all nerves, and she was calming me down," he says. "She was coaching me through the performance with her hands and her eyes."

Colon plays golf and poker, but says he's not a competitive person - "at all, really." He didn't think he was going to win the grand prize of \$100,000 and a record deal, but in front of an audience of 11 million, he squeaked past Dia Frampton with a two percent margin of victory.

Levine is delighted by what Colon's win implies for the music industry: "For someone who has been constantly fucked with by record companies, I see Javier performing on television and his song going to Number One on iTunes, and I think, 'Oh, my God, this is the greatest thing - this skips the middleman.'"

The promise of *The Voice* is that with enough talent, you can overcome bad luck, unusual looks or just not fitting the music-industry mold. As Cee Lo puts it, "If you look at *The Voice*, you come to the conclusion that there are more 'me's than you can possibly imagine. The minority - we are the majority."

The Voice has given NBC its biggest hit since *Heroes* back in 2006. When it comes back for its second season in early 2012, however, not only will it be up against *American Idol*, but Simon Cowell's new *X Factor* will have just concluded. "I truly believe that there's plenty of room for multiple music shows," says *Voice* producer Mark Burnett. "And I believe that over the next few years, *The Voice* will go from strength to strength. I'm already hearing people start to use 'I wouldn't turn my chair around for you' in conversation."

"There's no crazy twists and turns planned for the next season," says Paul Telegdy, NBC's head of alternative programming. All four coaches are returning, and the show will get the plum slot following the Super Bowl. Telegdy adds, "We analyze ratings minute by minute, and,

WHICH 'VOICE' FINALIST WILL HIT BIGGEST?

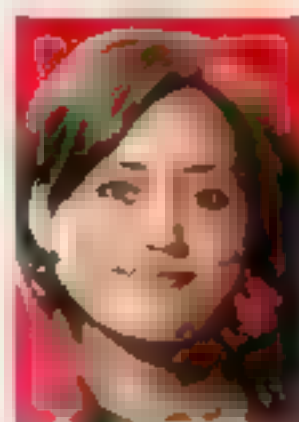
The Voice's final four all have talent - but do they have what it takes to succeed? We asked Scooter Braun, who discovered Justin Bieber, to break it down:



JAVIER COLON

RS SAYS If the champion finds a surging power ballad to suit his benevolent croon, radio will take kindly.

SCOOTER SAYS "The dude's voice is so incredibly pure - he needs to take advantage of that. He's been signed before, but didn't get exposure. Now he has it."

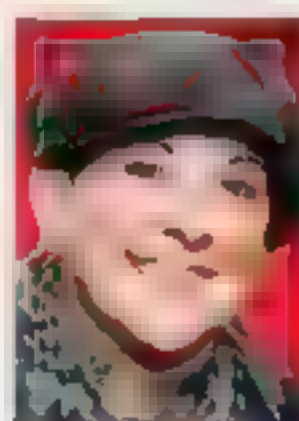


DIA FRAMPTON

RS SAYS Her Winnie Cooper looks and quirky-pretty voice could score the Meg and Dia singer a solo

second act.

SCOOTER SAYS "I think Dia has the best chance. She's gorgeous and incredible - you can't root against her. But she has to go her own route."



BEVERLY McCLELLAN

RS SAYS Watch for this bald, openly gay blues-belter to pull fans into her corner like she did on TV.

SCOOTER SAYS "The moment you see her, you know she's never been someone to conform to anything but what she is. I think she needs to convey that in her music."



VICCI MARTINEZ

RS SAYS Cee Lo's protégée can work a crowd, but her note-hitting woes hurt her chances.

SCOOTER SAYS "It really comes down to whether Cee Lo stays involved. People don't realize he made the Pussycat Dolls' first single. The records he makes could change a career."

of course, performances are what people want in these reality shows, but we actually had very strong ratings for our coach-mentoring segments, so we'll be expanding that a bit."


The Voice gets about half of *Idol*'s 26 million viewers, enough to make NBC happy. And its audience skews younger: At some points during the past season, more votes came in online than through the phone lines. Given *Idol*'s recent tendency to anoint bland white guys as victors and its shaky track record in breaking new stars, *The Voice* could set itself apart with more diverse winners who go on to that old-fashioned sign of success: selling records.

For now, the show's reputation as a place to put the defibrillator paddles on a comatose career rests on the success of Colon's next album. Tom MacKay, executive VP of A&R at Universal Republic Records, says, "For the next three months, we have to act like Javier was never on a TV show, and try as hard as we can to make a great record full of hit songs. Javier, from a production standpoint, is a less-is-more artist. If you start putting superlayered production around Javier, you're going to step on his vocal magic. So you need to find that balance: Limited production equals heightened intimacy and heightened soulfulness, but it's got to be produced enough to where it can get on the radio."

AFTER "THE TONIGHT Show," Colon zips over to Dodger Stadium, where he's singing the national anthem. En route, Brush teases him, asking when he'll be getting an entourage. Colon swats away the question, saying, "I don't want to intimidate anybody."

Colon is nervous - having performed "The Star-Spangled Banner" at NFL games, he's learned that the two-second echo in a stadium can really rattle a singer. (Aguilera, anybody?) But standing behind home plate, waiting for his moment, he acts casual, posing for photos with fans and talking about his career as a lefty pitcher on his high school baseball team. A cameraman asks him about how his *Voice* victory has changed his life, and Colon says, "I'm still trying to catch up with reality."

The national anthem comes off flawlessly. Colon leaves before the first pitch, on his way to yet another promotional appearance. He strides through a stadium hallway filled with Dodger memorabilia, followed by a half-dozen publicists, handlers and Universal employees. "I feel safer with an entourage," he suddenly announces. "There's power in numbers - I can see why people do it. It's like being the president."

So now that he's developing a taste for star perquisites, how long until his first tantrum? Colon looks genuinely horrified. "I'm so lucky to do what I'm doing," he says. "There will be no tantrums." 

God, Beer

Mumford & Sons Take America

Riding along with the year's biggest new band as it crashes a picking party, dodges the authorities, meets a Golden God and works on a hangover with Ed Helms

By Josh Eells ➤ Photograph by James Minchin III

Winston Marshall, Ted Dwane, Ben Lovett and Marcus Mumford (from left) in Telluride, Colorado, in June

& Banjos



MUMFORD & SONS ARE FOUR NICE British boys from well-to-do homes, who dress like railroad engineers and sing four-part bluegrass harmonies. So why are they on a street corner at midnight, face to face with the San Miguel County Sheriff's Office? → "Is that a beer?" a deputy asks, eyeing the bottle in keyboardist Ben Lovett's hand. Lovett, a 24-year-old Welshman with a face to take home to Mom, admits that it is. The officer frowns. "You know it's a \$100 fine for open containers." Bassist Ted Dwane says they're sorry – they didn't know that. → The officer is quiet for a minute. "Well," he says finally, "I hate to see beer go to waste." He looks at his watch. "You've got 15 seconds." → Bottoms up. →

"I can't believe he made him do that!" marvels Dwane after the heat dies down. "Right there on the street!" Someone else says it could have been worse. "Yeah," Dwane says, "a hundred dollars worse! And one less beer."

It's a warm June night in Telluride, Colorado, the sky clear and starry under a nearly full moon. Tonight is the first night of the Telluride Bluegrass Festival, and the old-mining-town-turned-ski-mecca is crawling with Dobro freaks, busking fiddlers and old-timey music fans of all persuasions. Telluride is one of Mumford & Sons' favorite places on the planet: Banjo player Winston Marshall says after they visited the festival last year, playing to 300 people in a tiny opera house, they immediately started plotting how to come back.

It turned out the return invite wouldn't be a problem. Within the past year, Mumford & Sons have become one of the biggest success stories in rock. On the strength of their two big singles – the joyous "The Cave" and "Little Lion Man," which features the irresistibly bleep-worthy refrain "I really fucked it up this time, didn't I, my dear?" – their first album, *Sigh No More*, has sold more than 1.6 million copies, including a million this year alone. The weekend before Telluride, they played a raucous set at Bonnaroo that was so popular it disrupted the festival's gravitational balance, drawing more people to the second stage than many bands did to the main one. The weekend after, they'll play Glastonbury, right before U2. They've made fans of everyone from Ray Davies to Taylor Swift, and even Wiz Khalifa has given them a shout-out.

"It scares the shit out of me sometimes," says frontman Marcus Mumford, 24, of the band's success. "I just feel like, not only do we not deserve to be here, but

we're not good enough to be here. I guess we had a dynamic, and it caught on."

The headiest moment of all came in February, when Mumford & Sons got to perform at the Grammys with Bob Dylan, backing him on "Maggie's Farm" after playing "The Cave" by themselves. Mumford says Dylan didn't say much – "I think he was nervous" – though he did give them one instruction: "He told us to 'keep stomping.'" The rest of the weekend turned out to be just as surreal: They met Usher and Gwyneth, got high-fives from R. Kelly, and shared a very crowded elevator with fellow Best New Artist nominee Justin Bieber and his security detail, during which Marshall cheekily proposed that "the youngest passenger should leave." ("We were a bit drunk and English," Dwane says, smiling.)

And yet somehow they've achieved it all with a name like a Victorian barrister's office and the kind of music that went out of fashion circa the Victrola. It's taking nothing away from their musical charms to call the band's success a little head-scratching – almost like... "an accident?" Lovett says. "It is. Absolutely. No two ways about it. Our only saving grace is that we

"We're just mediocre, fat English musicians," says Marcus Mumford. "But we try hard."

work really hard. Apart from that, who knows why people like it?"

"It's really weird to me that people like our music," agrees Mumford. "It's pretty straightforward. There's no flash to it. And there are so many other bands doing it. People are like, 'Don't listen to Mumford & Sons – listen to this band.' And I'm like, 'I know!' We're just mediocre, slightly overweight English musicians. We're fat, sweaty, and we try hard."

AN OPEN-CONTAINER fine successfully averted, the band decides to head over to a nearby home for something called a "picking party." This is the thing to do at Telluride – some generous fan will stock up on booze and throw open his doors for a well-lubricated, all-night jamboree. Tonight, the party is at some guy named Ed's house – assuming they can find it.

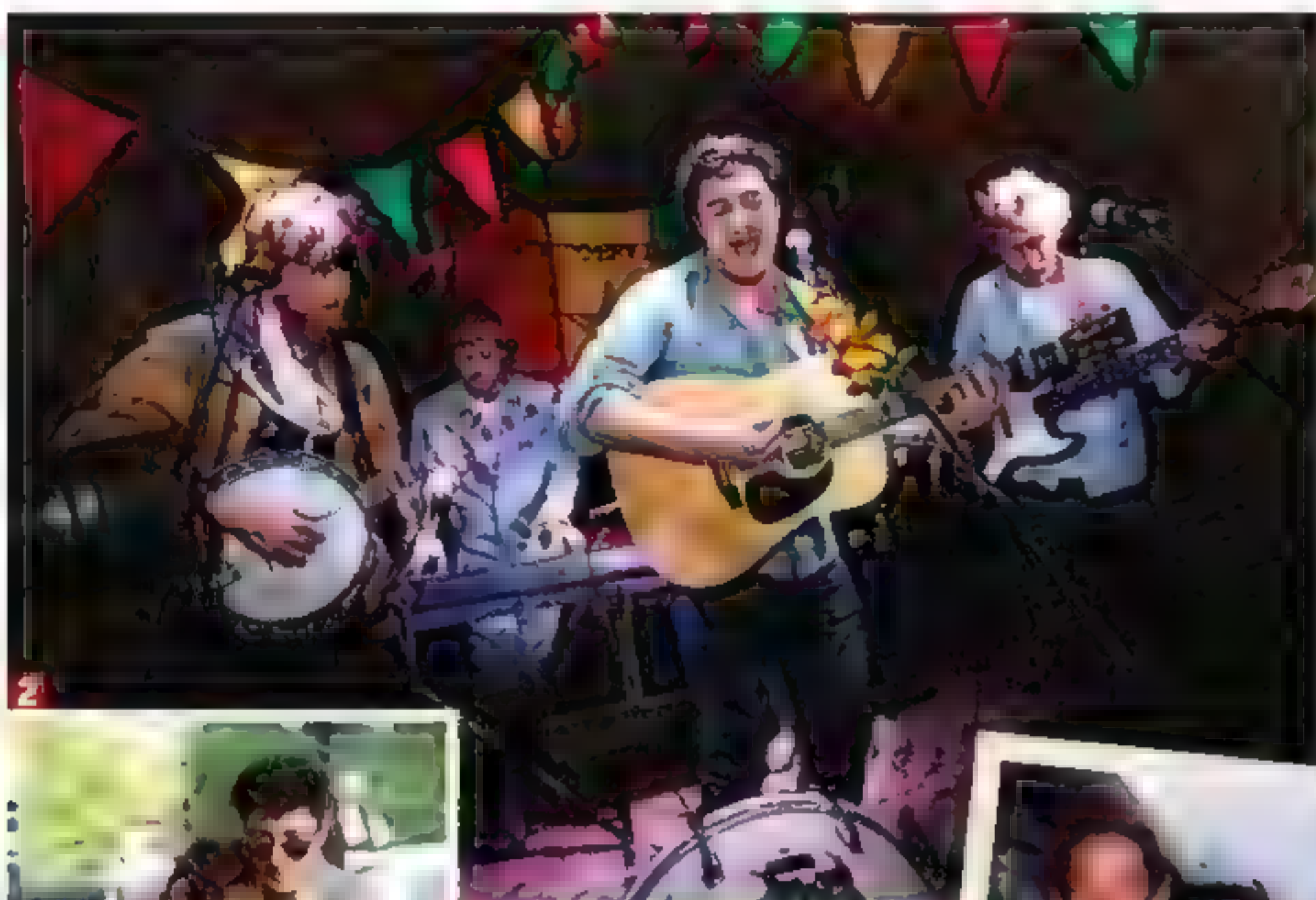
Marshall is supposed to be leading the way, but as the rest of the guys follow him through three right turns, it becomes apparent that he's a bit lost. (The band's hold on U.S. geography is still tenuous – when someone mentions Nashville, Dwane says, "That's pretty close to here, right?")

Tromping through the deserted streets, their outfits reflect varying degrees of old-timey-ness. Mumford is the dapper throwback, impeccably dressed in a brown vest and matching wool tie. He also looks oddly like quarterback Tim Tebow, and once you see this fact you cannot unsee it. Dwane, 26, is a touch more modern, with a rock-star-snug leather jacket and scuffed designer boots. Lovett is the pinup of the group, favoring loose tank tops and stubble and looking like the American Apparel version of an Appalachian hillbilly. And Marshall, 24, looks like the Appalachian hillbilly version of an Appalachian hillbilly, in shitkicker boots and a ratty semi-mohawk that he appears to have given himself with a whittling knife.

After navigating through some back alleys and around a beaver pond, eventually the band arrives at a lavish three-story ski chalet, where everything inside smells like wood and money. At this point it's revealed that Ed is not just any Ed, but Ed Helms, the ridiculously nice star of *The Hangover* and *The Office*, and also, it turns out, a huge bluegrass fan. "Hey, guys!" he says, welcoming everyone inside with handshakes and hugs. "Thanks for coming!"

The party is already in full swing, with about two dozen people hanging out in the living room, including an inordinately large number of guests named "Critter." There's a big upright bass, a couple of guitars, a few fiddles, and lots of singing and hand-clapping and foot-stomping. Helms also has his ax, a gleaming white banjo that he and Marshall take turns strum-

Contributing editor JOSH EELLS
profiled Zach Galifianakis in RS 1133.



Nonstop Jamboree

(1) Marcus Mumford with his girlfriend, actress Carey Mulligan; They became pen pals through church when they were kids. (2) The band plays a surprise set at Glastonbury in June. (3) Ben Lovett (left) and Marcus Mumford together in 1996.



ming. Bottles of whiskey get passed and re-passed, and the fridge is so continuously filled with beer that it seems like a glitch in the matrix.

Out on the patio for a cigarette, Marshall – who's affectionately called "Winnie" – is smitten: "This festival is so goddamn vibey!" As he watches his bandmates jam through the glass door, they're all so stoked and unjaded that it's basically impossible not to fall under the spell. At one point, the banjo player Bela Fleck steps outside, and Marshall is star-struck. "That was the best banjo player in the world," he whispers once he's gone. (Sometimes the bandmates' reverence can get pretty serious: A few hours earlier, they were watching some friends from London perform at a high school auditorium when Mumford turned to a chatty woman in the audience and shushed her, librarian-style.)

But they also know how to party. By 3 a.m., revelers are starting to trickle out, but the Mumfords are still going strong. Helms, conscientious about the cigarette smoke and the noise, has spent much of the evening sliding the patio door shut, very much *The Hangover's* Stu. At one point, he goes upstairs and returns to find a lamp knocked over and broken. "Oh, boy," he says, biting his tongue. Mumford, clutching an armful of beer bottles, starts harmonizing with Marshall on a song he wrote, and a girl in cowboy boots hops up on the coffee table and begins stomping along. "Easy!" Helms says, laughing. "It's a rental!"

THE NEXT MORNING, THE band members slouch into the hotel lobby at the crack of noon, looking a little worse for wear. One by one, they piece together the rest of their evenings. Mumford stayed at Helms' until 4 a.m. and got a ride home from a cop. Dwane hung out until dawn and watched the sunrise on his walk back. Now he wants some eggs; everyone wants coffee.

Strolling through town on the hunt for a cafe, Lovett and Dwane sketch the band's backstory. Lovett and Mumford met sometime around third grade at the King's College School, a private school in Wimbledon attended by the likes of John Barrymore and Charles Dickens Jr. Mumford was a quasi-jock who played rugby and soccer and acted in school musicals (he played the Artful Dodger in *Oliver!*, much to his current chagrin); Lovett was less involved but cooler, a classically trained pianist who also played in a couple of bands.

Together they started a six-man free-jazz group called *Détente* – which is about as embarrassing to them as you might guess – but when a friend of Mumford's older brother made him a bluegrass mixtape near the end of high school, Mumford became obsessed and started writing those kinds of songs instead.

"Marcus will tell you, they were pretty trite," Lovett says of their early efforts. Does he remember any titles? He laughs. "Um... 'On the Train'?"

In the meantime, Mumford had also befriended Marshall, the son of an insanely successful British hedge-fund manager (his personal fortune is a reported £250 million plus) who would often wear cowboy boots to his posh private school. ("I was completely deluded," he says. "They were probably made in China.") Marshall also played in Gobbler's Knob, a ZZ Top cover band whose members sported fake beards ("We sold more T-shirts than we did CDs," says Marshall); when they were about 16, he and Mumford met at summer camp, where both of them played in the band. "We did, like, two gigs a day, all worship songs," Marshall recalls. "I think we bonded over *Office* quotes."

After high school, Mumford went off to study classics at the University of Edinburgh but returned to London after a year to try music professionally. Marshall was booking a country-music night at a sweaty underground club called the Bosun's Locker, and he, Mumford and Lovett would play with the musicians who came through. Eventually they recruited Dwane, a friend of a friend who'd been playing bass in a punk band called Sex Face, and started playing shows of their own. They played used-bookstores, a river barge, the sidewalk. The whole thing had an improvisatory air; when they first went into the studio to record their debut album – which they paid for themselves – Marshall strummed a rented banjo, and Dwane didn't even have a bass.

Despite their seemingly overnight success, things at the beginning were a little rough. The first time Mumford read reviews of their record, they were so bad he cried. "They were spot-on," he says. "I agreed with them wholeheartedly – they nailed everything I was insecure about it. I was like, 'I don't need to read your shitty writing to know what's wrong with us!'"

LISTENING TO MUMFORD & Sons songs, it's hard not to detect a vaguely spiritual undercurrent. The lyrics – in addition to high-literary allusions to Shakespeare and Steinbeck (Mumford, after all, is a guy who reads 16th-century English historical fiction for fun) – are also full of references to faith, sin and atonement, not to mention explicit exhortations to "serve God" and profound queries like "Can you kneel before the King and say, 'I'm clean, I'm clean'?" Coupled with the band's harmonies and a propulsive beat, they can almost sound more like Christian praise songs than modern-rock hits.

As it turns out, there's a reason for this. Mumford's parents, John and Eleanor, are the national leaders of the U.K. arm of the Vineyard movement, an [Cont. on 81]



PROTECTOR OF
THE PEOPLE
The Dalai Lama in
Washington, D.C.
on July 8th, 2011

XO ROBERTA BRONCA

AUGUST 4

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERTA BRONCA

'The Time Has Come For Me To Retire'

The Dalai Lama discusses his reincarnation, his boyhood admiration of Mao and his decision to step down as head of the Tibetan government By Melissa Mathison

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER

THE SUN IS SHINING ON TSUG-lakhang temple, in the foothills of the Indian Himalayas, and hundreds of Tibetans have gathered in the courtyard for a feast. As Buddhist monks ladle out white rice and stewed vegetables, horns blow and cymbals crash. Such celebrations are common here – the monks often feed local villagers as an act of service to earn karmic merit – but the festive air seems to capture the mood of the man who lives next to the temple. The Dalai Lama, despite many heartfelt petitions by his constituents, has finally been granted

his wish for official retirement from government duties. ♦ The Tibetan Parliament had twice urged His Holiness to reconsider, but he had declined even to read a message from them or meet with legislators. His mind was made up. On May 29th, the papers were signed and the Tibetan charter amended. The act marks a remarkable and voluntary separation of church and state: For the first time in more than 350 years, the Dalai Lama is no longer the secular as well as the spiritual leader of the Tibetan people. ♦ Although the Tibetan government-in-exile has been largely democratic for decades, the Dalai Lama still had the final say in every major political decision

within the diaspora. He appointed foreign envoys, determined the scope and timing of negotiations with China, had the power to sign or veto bills and could even dismiss Parliament. Now, with his signature, his formal title has changed from "Head of Nation" to "Protector and Symbol of Tibet and Tibetan People." Many of his political responsibilities will rest on the shoulders of Lobsang Sangay, a 43-year-old Harvard legal scholar who was elected in April to the post of prime minister.

China, dismissing the transfer of power as a "trick," has refused to meet with Sangay. The Communist government believes that the struggle for Tibetan autonomy will die with the Dalai Lama; all they have to do is wait him out. But by turning the reins of government over to the governed, His Holiness is banking on democracy's ability to serve as an effective bulwark against Chinese oppression. At 76, he knows he won't be around to steer the ship of state forever. Tibetans, he believes, must learn to steer it for themselves.

Tenzin Gyatso, the 14th Dalai Lama, was born in 1935, the son of a farmer in a small Tibetan village. In accordance with ancient tradition, the dreams and visions of high lamas and oracles eventually led a search party to the boy. At age two, he successfully identified people and possessions from his past life and was officially recognized as the reincarnation of the 13th Dalai Lama. At four, he entered the capital of Lhasa and was named the spiritual leader of his people. At 15, he became head of state. In 1959, as tensions with the Chinese army reached a flash point, he fled to India, where he has led the Tibetan diaspora ever since.

Looking back over his 60 years of leadership, he has much to be proud of. He has established a successful and stable government in exile and stood firm against a brutal regime. As the first Dalai Lama to travel to the West, he has also extolled the virtues of nonviolence to millions, a lifelong effort that earned him a Nobel Peace Prize. As the spiritual leader of Tibet, he remains the personification of his nation's struggle.

I have known His Holiness since 1990, when I wrote *Kundun*, a movie about his childhood directed by Martin Scorsese. Since then, we have developed a lasting friendship. I continue to work as an activist for Tibetan autonomy and serve on the board of the International Campaign for Tibet. Every day I pray for Tenzin Gyatso's long life.

When we meet on June 2nd in his reception area behind the busy main temple

MELISSA MATHISON wrote the screenplay for "Kundun" and serves on the board of the International Campaign for Tibet. This is her first story for RS.



Out of Tibet

The Dalai Lama was born Lhamo Thondup in 1935 in a small Tibetan village (1). When he first met Mao Zedong, in 1954 (2), he considered him "a great revolutionary." But in 1959, as Chinese oppression grew, the Dalai Lama (center, on white horse) was forced to flee over the Himalayas to India (3).

in the dusty Indian hill town of McLeod Ganj, he asks if he still looks as healthy as the last time we met. Yes, I tell him—even younger, if possible. But, I add, his eyes look older. "That's right," he says. He wishes to inform me, however, that he hasn't needed to increase his eyeglass prescription—in part because he doesn't use a computer. "I never even tried," he says, breaking into his distinct, ebullient laugh. "I don't know how!"

Let's start by talking about the day, in 1950, when you became head of government in Tibet. You were only 15 and the Chinese had invaded your country.

It was a very, very difficult situation. When people asked me to take the responsibility, my reaction is, I am one who wants to follow the Dalai Lama traditions, which was to be enthroned at age 18. Age 15 is too early. Then they again asked me. Chamdo [a mountainous region in eastern Tibet] had already been taken over by the Chinese. There was a good deal of anxiety. So I took responsibility. When the Communist Liberation Army reached Lhasa, my first act was to escape from Lhasa to the Indian border. So I think, bad omen or good omen? Almost my first act after I took responsibility is to escape from Lhasa! [Laughs]

So here we are 61 years later, and you've just retired as head of government. You

have, in a real way, been preparing for this retirement—a separation of church and state—since you were a child. How was the seed first planted?

As a teenager, around 13 or 14, living in Lhasa, I had very intimate sort of contact with ordinary people. Mainly, the sweepers at the Potala Palace as well as at Norbulingka [the Dalai Lama's summer residence in Lhasa]. I always played with them and sometimes dined with them. I got the information from the servants as to what was really going on in Lhasa. I often heard of the injustices the people experienced. So I began to understand that our system—the power in the hands of a few people—that's wrong.

So soon after you took power, you decided you wanted to implement reform to the old system?

In 1952, I think, I set up a reform committee. I wanted to start some kind of change. But I faced a major reform obstacle—the Chinese officials wanted reform according to their own pattern, their own way, which they had already implemented in China proper. The Chinese felt that if Tibetan reform was initiated by Tibetans themselves, it might be a hindrance to their own way of reform. So it became difficult.

You traveled to China in 1954 and saw firsthand what Communist reform looked like. Was it what you had envisioned for Tibet?

I went to China as one of the members of the Tibetan delegation at the Congress of the People's Republic of China. The parliament in Peking was very disciplined! I noticed that all the members barely dared make a suggestion. They would make a point, but only little corrections in wording [*laughs*]. Nobody really discussed meaning.

Then, in 1956, I had the opportunity to come to India. And here, too, I had the opportunity to visit Indian Parliament. I found big contrast. In Indian Parliament, lots of noise. No discipline. This was a clear sign of complete freedom of expression. Indian parliamentarians, they love to criticize their government. So I realized, this is the meaning of democracy – freedom of speech. I was so impressed with the democratic system.

You liked the messiness and noise of democracy?

In 1959, when we decided to raise the Tibetan issue at the U.N., I asked Indi-

sider at least carrying a title, like a ceremonial sort of head.

A ceremonial role? I don't like it. To be like the British sort of queen. Of course, I personally very much admire her. Wonderful. But the system? [*Laughs*] If you carry some sort of ceremonial head, then you should do something! Otherwise, I would just be a figurehead. A statement is written by someone, then I just read? I know the word – a puppet.

Only since the fifth Dalai Lama, 350 years ago, has the institution taken on real political responsibility. The early incarnations were only spiritual leaders. I always believe the rule by king or official leader is outdated. Now we must catch up with the modern world.

So now I have handed over my political authority to an elected government. I feel happy. They carry full responsibility. I want to be just a pure spiritual leader. But in case my services are needed, I am still available.

So you will keep up with your daily routines? I know that every morning you say a prayer for all sentient beings. When you pray for us, what is it that you want for us?

I often tell people that this century should be century of dialogue. Peace will not come from thought or from Buddha. Peace must be built by humans, through action. So that means, whenever we face problem – dialogue. That's the only way. For that, we need inner disarmament. So our work should make a little contribution to materialize a peaceful, compassionate world later this century. That's my wish. It will not come immediately. But we have to make the effort. This moment, it looks only like an idea. But every corner must make the effort. Then there is possibility. Then, if we fail in spite of that effort, no regret.

It might surprise people to know that you really are what you say: a simple monk.

A few days ago, in this very room, the

“TO BE LIKE THE BRITISH QUEEN? I PERSONALLY ADMIRE HER. BUT THE SYSTEM? I WOULD JUST BE A FIGUREHEAD. I KNOW THE WORD – A PUPPET.”

an Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru if he would sponsor our cause. He declined. He felt there was no use to raise Tibetan issue. He told me that America will not carry out war with China over Tibet. Later, I met with Nehru again, and I was a little bit anxious [*laughs*]. But when I met him, he was completely normal! I learned, yes – this is a leader practicing democracy. Disagreement is something normal.

In 1960, after I reached India, many Tibetans came to Bodh Gaya for my teaching. It was there we decided on a representative government – the first step for democratization. Since then, as refugees, we go step by step toward full democratization. In the past 10 years, I have continued acting like a senior adviser. I called mine a semiretired position. Since 2009, on many occasions, I expressed, “Now I'm looking forward to complete retirement.” This year, on March 10th, I officially stated that now the time has come for me to retire; I'm going to hand over all my political authority to the Tibetan administration.

Most people around the world are anxious to get rid of their leaders. But the Tibetans have been very reluctant to let you retire. Why?

Emotionally, spiritually, still they look up to me. After I announced my retirement, they requested that I should carry responsibilities as I have, continuously. I declined. Then they asked if I would con-

Do you also have personal reasons for retirement?

I always tell people that religious institutions and political institutions should be separate. So while I'm telling people this, I myself continue with them combined. Hypocrisy! [*Laughs*] So what I am telling others I must implement for myself.

Also, a more selfish reason. Before the Dalai Lama became a political figure, there was almost no controversy. Since the fifth Dalai Lama, some controversy – because of the political aspect, not spiritual. Now, after my retirement, the institution of the Dalai Lama is more pure, more stable. I felt we must separate political responsibility. The Dalai Lama should not carry that burden. So that is my selfish reason – to protect the old Dalai Lama tradition. It is safer without political involvement.

I have full conviction that Tibetans can carry all their work. Therefore I voluntarily, proudly decide this four-century-old tradition should end.

That does not mean the Dalai Lama ends. The institution remains, as a spiritual role. And not only for my generation. If the Tibetan people want the institution to remain, it will remain continuously.

Does your retirement mean your long-term goals have changed?

The rest of my life, I am fully committed to these things: Promotion of religious harmony. Promotion of human values. Human happiness. Like that.

Tibetan political leadership came together to see me. They brought all the amendments to the charter [regarding his retirement]. They explained what was written, and then they asked me please to read it. I responded, “Oh, even if I read it all, I will not understand fully. So, it doesn't matter.” I just asked them, “Where I should sign?” [*Laughs*]

That's very dangerous!

That's a sign of a simple Buddhist monk!

Do you worry that some people think your decision to retire is wrong?

Well, some Tibetans, particularly young Tibetans, are very critical.

Is that just fear? Or is it based on a legitimate concern for Tibet?

Some people think that these decisions are taken somewhat in a hurry. They don't know, you see, that I take these ideas step by step over the last few decades.

The Dalai Lamas have long relied on the state oracles for advice. Did you ask the oracles to go into their prophetic trance and advise on your retirement?

I did. They fully support my decision. I know these oracles. I ask them as a sort of adviser. They have observed the last four or five centuries of the Dalai Lama's experiences, so logically, as human beings, I felt they might feel a little bit uncomfortable with the decision. But they said it's very timely. The right decision.

So you feel good about your decision?

Oh, yes. The 19th of March, after I offered a more detailed explanation to the public about my retirement – that night, my sleep was extraordinarily sound. So it seems some relief.

Now we are completely changed from the theocracy of the past. Also, our decision is a real answer to the Chinese Communist accusation that the whole aim of our struggle is the restoration of the old system [in feudal Tibet]. Now they can't make that accusation. I am often saying that the Chinese Communist Party should retire. Now I can tell them, "Do like me. Retire with grace."

Why do the Chinese demonize you by calling you things like a "devil" or a "wolf in monk's robes"? Is there a reason they speak about you in such archaic language?

Generally speaking, such sort of expressions are childish. Those officials who use those words, I think they want to show the Chinese government that the Dalai Lama is so bad. And I think also that they are hoping to reach the Tibetans. They want 100 percent negative. So they use these words. They actually disgrace themselves. I mean, childish! Very foolish! Nobody believes them.

probably have carried the ceremonial role in some orthodox way.

When you were still a young man, the Nechung Oracle prophesied about you that "the wish-fulfilling jewel will shine in the West." Was the oracle right?

I think it seems that there is some truth. We escaped in 1959 and reached India. To Tibetans, that itself was the West. Then from India, mainly Europe and also America is our West. I have done one thing that I think is a contribution: I helped Buddhist science and modern science combine. No other Buddhist has done that. Other lamas, I don't think they ever pay attention to modern science. Since my childhood, I have a keen interest. As far as inner sciences [science of the mind] are concerned, modern science very young. In the meantime, science in external matters is highly developed. So we Buddhists should learn from that as well.

You have said that Tibet's survival will depend on China changing from within. Are you optimistic that will happen?

When President Hu Jintao expresses that his main interest is the promotion of harmony, I fully support that. I express

I don't know. I think it's not much use to discuss such things [laughs].

Has there been any moment since 1959 when you thought the Chinese would leave Tibet?

Oh, yes. The 10th of March, 1959 – the very day of the Tibetan uprising. I remember very clearly, there were a lot of Lhasa people who came to Norbulingka and blocked all the doors. They were shouting, "You should not go to the Chinese military camp!"

So Tibetans were afraid that an invitation from the Chinese at this tense time was a trick to imprison or assassinate you?

Yes. That day, the sun was very bright. I expressed to Mr. Phala, the Tibetan Lord Chamberlain, "Maybe this day, maybe this is a turning point in history."

"Turning" does not mean "hopeless." In spite of some difficulties, you see a long tunnel – at the end there is light. That feeling has sustained our determination.

I understand you're going to meet with a group of Tibetan spiritual leaders in November to discuss your succession. What issues will be on the table?

On the last few occasions when we

"MY DECISION TO RETIRE IS A REAL ANSWER TO THE CHINESE COMMUNIST PARTY. NOW I CAN TELL THEM: DO LIKE ME. RETIRE WITH GRACE."

Usually, with human beings, one part of the brain develops common sense. But with those Chinese leaders, particularly the hard-liners, that part of their brain is missing. When I met with President Obama last year, I told him, "You should make a little surgery. Put that part of brain into the Chinese." [Laughs]

What do you think Tibet would be like today if you had been its leader for all these years?

Some change, some reforms would have happened. But it would not be easy. There would be opposition from within Tibet. Some officials are more modern in their thinking. But there are also some who have an old way of thinking. And then with the Chinese "liberators," of course, there is no freedom at all [laughs].

I really feel that the last 52 years is very sad. Refugees. And the worst thing is the destruction inside Tibet. Despite some construction, some economic progress, the whole picture is very, very sad.

But I have no regret. The last 52 years, because of India's freedom, I really feel that I found the best opportunity to make my life meaningful, to make a contribution. If I had remained in Lhasa, even without the Chinese occupation, I would

on many occasions that real harmony should come from the heart. For that, trust, respect and friendship are all essential. To create a more harmonious society, using force is wrong. After almost 10 years of Hu Jintao's presidency, his aim is very good. But the method – relying more and more on force – is counterproductive.

The first important thing is transparency. I am saying that 1.3 billion Chinese people have the right to know the reality. Then 1.3 billion Chinese people also have the ability to judge what is right or what is wrong.

On several occasions, Chinese Premier Wen Jiabao has expressed that China needs political change. On some occasions, he even mentioned democracy. And around Chinese intellectuals and artists, more and more say they want political change, more freedom. So therefore, it is bound to change. How long it will take, nobody knows. Five years, 10 years, 15 years. It's been now 52 years. In the next 50 years, I think it is almost certain things will change. Whether I live the next 50 years, or whether I don't.

If you had President Hu Jintao's ear and could suggest how to deal with Tibet, what would you ask him to do?

get religious leaders together, I raised this issue. Chinese Communists are very much concerned about my reincarnation! [Laughs] So we need to discuss.

The concrete decisions are not yet finalized. One thing is quite sure. After all, the Dalai Lama reincarnation means my reincarnation, my rebirth. So logically, this is a matter of my decision. No one else – even spiritual leaders. My next life is entirely up to me.

But the Chinese government says they get to decide on all reincarnations, including yours.

This is quite controversial. The Communists are not only nonbelievers, but they also consider Tibetan Buddhism poisonous. So they deliberately try to minimize Tibetan Buddhism. Should people who try to minimize or eliminate Tibetan Buddhism interfere about rebirth? It's quite strange, really. Quite funny. They are only thinking about political power in Lhasa. That's silly. I think it is better for them to remain completely neutral. Or it would be more logical for the Chinese to say, "There should not be any reincarnation."

Does it bother you that people speak so much about your death?

No, not at all. In Newark last month, a French journalist raised the issue. I took off my glasses and ask him, "According to your judgment of my face, the reincarnation question is rather a hurry or not?" And he said, "No hurry!" [Laughs]

Do you find yourself leaning toward a more traditional method of selecting the next Dalai Lama – your reincarnation – similar to the way you were discovered?

At this moment, I feel I can wait another 10 years, 15 years, 20 years. Then we'll see the situation. If the Tibetan people still want to keep this institution, and want to follow the traditional way, then they will use past experience: a search for a young boy who has some special significance.

As far as where the boy is born, that I have made clear. If I die as a refugee, one still carrying the Tibetan struggle, then the reincarnation logically must be found outside of Tibet. The very purpose of reincarnation is to carry on the work started in the previous life. So logically, if the previous person dies outside of Tibet as a refugee, the reincarnation must be found that way. Otherwise, it creates more trouble.

Can you foresee the challenges your successor, the 15th Dalai Lama, might face?

By my resignation, I already made the role separate from the political world. So it will be much safer for the next Dalai Lama. Now, if the 15th Dalai Lama is not fit to be head of government, no problem. Whatever he can do as a spiritual leader, he can do. Not very smart? OK! [Laughs]

Some traditions of Tibetan Buddhism suggest that a boy born before the death of a high lama could actually be his reincarnation. Do you believe that the 15th Dalai Lama could already be alive today?

It is possible. At least two modern lamas before their death said, "This boy who already is alive is my reincarnation." If it fits, after some investigation, then it is possible.

If in fact this boy is alive today, would you take part in his training?

If I'm too old, then I don't know! [Laughs]

You've been keeping a close watch on the uprisings in the Middle East. Do you think that the Arab Spring movement could have implications for Tibet?

That's difficult to say. Authoritarian systems are the same around the world. But in China, economic development really brings some benefit to large number of Chinese people. That is the difference.

Immediately after the crisis in Tunisia and Egypt, there was some sort of impact in the minds of young Chinese intellectuals. So the Chinese government has become very, very nervous. They see danger from within. But the Chinese authoritarian system is quite tight. Their domestic-security budget is more than their budget for national defense.

Many people believe that the coming generation of leadership in China – be-

cause of their young age, because of the Internet, because of large number of Chinese students studying abroad – that their knowledge about the outside world is much better. I think definitely things will change. Definitely. That is our view. And also many Chinese have that view.

Do you remember where you were the moment you heard that Osama bin Laden had been killed? What was your reaction?

Long Beach, California. I felt, of course, sad. Then, not that simple. Very complex.

Since my childhood, I feel very bad about the death sentence. In 1945 or 1946, when I was 10 years old, they hanged German leaders at the Nuremberg war-crime trials. I saw pictures in *Life* magazine. I felt very sad. Then some Japanese leaders also. These people were already defeated. Killing them was not as a sort of a precaution, but simply revenge.

Then when Saddam Hussein hanged,

er way to look at it, a defeated person has been killed.

The best way to solve these problems is in the spirit of reconciliation. Talk. Listen. And discuss. That's the only way.

Does evil exist in the world?

The seed of evil, from my viewpoint, is hate. On that level, we can say that everyone has that seed. As far as sort of potential of murder is concerned, every person has that potential. Hatred. Anger. Suspicion. These are the potentials of negative acts.

There is also the potential for mercy. Forgiveness. Tolerance. These also, everyone has this potential.

Evil means that the negative potential has become manifest. The positive remains dormant. Those people who actually love hatred, who deliberately always practice anger, hatred – that's evil.

Have you ever felt betrayed personally?

In 1954 and 1955, for at least six months,



"THIS SHOULD BE A CENTURY OF DIALOGUE"

The Dalai Lama during morning prayers at a temple in Dharamsala, India.

I saw the picture. Very sad. No longer a threat. Old, defeated person. Give mercy rather than kill, I really think.

So the same thinking with bin Laden, also a defeated person. Since the tragedy of September 11th, I express that if handling this problem goes wrong, then today one bin Laden, after some time, 10 bin Ladens, then 100 bin Ladens could be possible. On September 12th, I wrote a letter to President Bush, since I had developed close friendship with him. I expressed my condolences, sadness. Meantime, I also express that handling this problem, I hope nonviolent.

Of course, I know thousands of Americans were killed. Unexpected, in peaceful times. Really, very bad. I know. I can feel what they are feeling. So ordinary person, in the name of justice and also some kind of feeling of revenge, they feel very happy to some extent [about bin Laden]. Another

I lived in Peking. During that period, I met on a number of occasions with Chairman Mao. At first, I was very much nervous. Then – after the second time, third time, fourth time, I can't remember how many times – I develop real admiration for him. I really found him as a great revolutionary. No question. Very straightforward. And his personal behavior – very gentle, like an old farmer's father. Like that. Very simple.

He promised many things. On one occasion, Chairman Mao pointed to two generals who were stationed in Lhasa. Mao said, "I send these generals in order to help you. So if these generals not listen to your wish, then let me know. I will withdraw them."

Then, at my last meeting, at the last moment, he mentioned, "Religion is poison."

At that time, he advised me how to listen, how to collect different [Cont. on 82]

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CURREN CAPLES

Skateboarding's 15-year-old phenomenon

IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME until an athlete born after the first X Games, in 1995, showed up at the biggest event on the action-sports calendar. The fact that it was Curren Caples, who earned that distinction in high style by making the Skateboard Park final as a 14-year-old amateur last summer, is all the more perfect. Caples is a blond, blue-eyed superstar in the

SPORTS ON THE TV

THE NEW FACE OF X

The next generation of summer stars

SPORTS ON THE EDGE

making – a floppy-haired former pro surfer's kid whose kick flips and nose grinds and frontside airs blew the collective minds of those watching, and ensured that this summer's contest will enjoy a spike in viewership among teenage girls. Right before last year's final, Tony Hawk tweeted, "My 2-year-old daughter has a crush on [Caples]. Tune in to see why." Skate fans have already likened Caples to Ryan Sheckler, another young teen who arrived at the X Games with a ruckus – a comparison that has worried Caples' cautious parents. His team is actively fending off the teen media, trying to avoid a Sheckler-like case of overexposure.

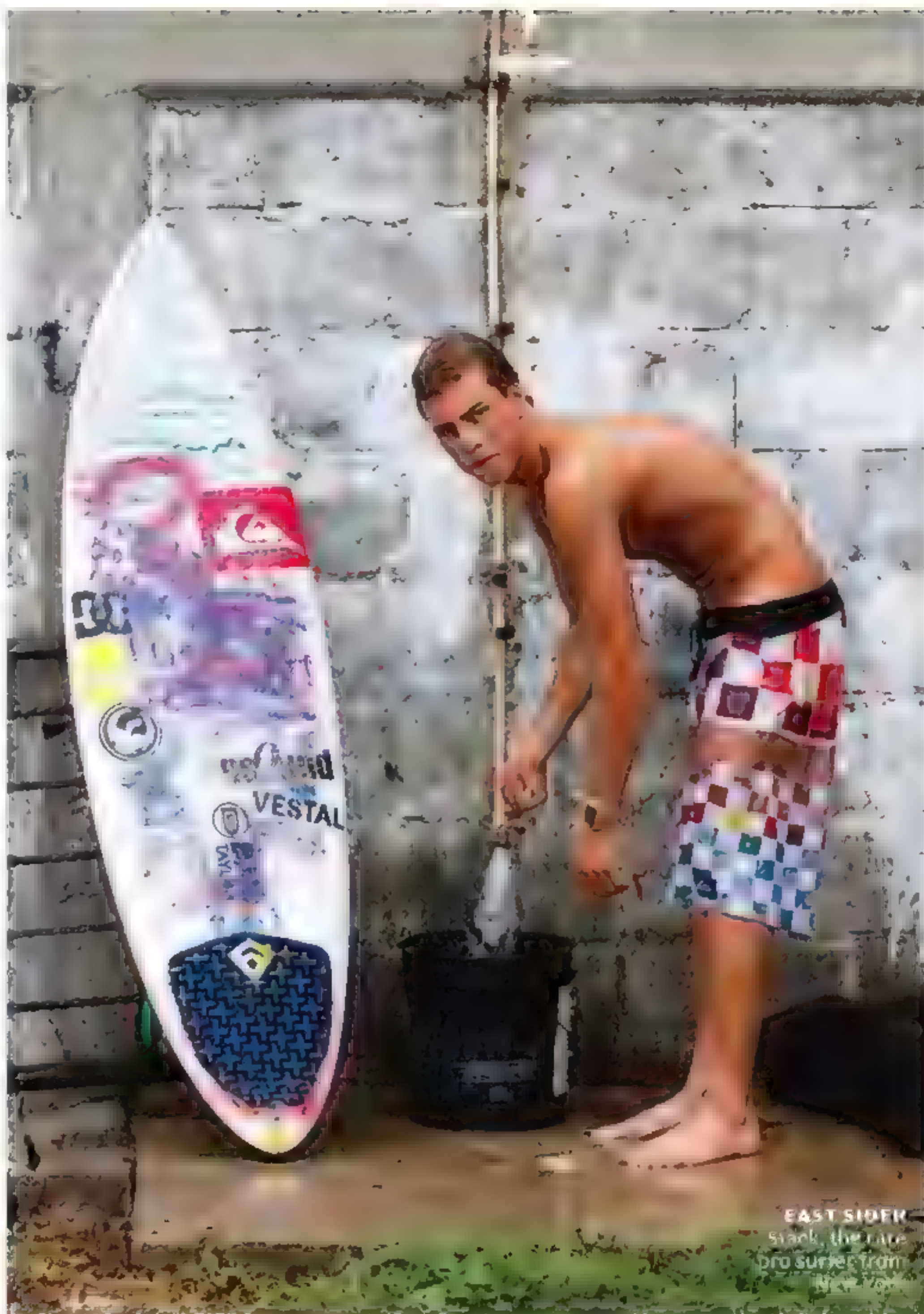
Caples, who was born and raised in Ventura, California, began skating at four, when he saw some neighborhood kids riding. He asked his dad for a board and got a "cheapo from Target." After that, he basically grew up in skate parks.

Caples admits that all the attention at last year's X Games was "super scary," but he does enjoy the perks:



sponsorships from Red Bull, Hurley, Vans and Flip Skateboards, and, thanks to his growing success, plenty of frequent-flier miles. "I am home a lot less these days," he says. So far Caples has skated in Europe, China and Australia, and he's already thinking of things he might buy with his earnings. "A house for an investment," he says, "maybe a new surfboard or two. And when I turn 16, I'm looking forward to getting my first car. Nothing flashy. Something mellow, like a Volkswagen CC."

JOSH DEAN



EAST SIDEK
Stack, the rare
pro surfer from
New York

BALARAM STACK

The surfer from an unlikely hometown

IN ADDITION TO THE OBVIOUS FACTORS that make a surfer marketable – good looks, a touch of attitude, the right amount of flair in the water – Balaram Stack has one serious wild card: He's from New York. It's rare that a top professional wave rider comes from the East Coast, let alone the Empire State, and Stack is the first big-name surfer to emerge from the area since Rick Rasmussen, who burst onto the scene in the 1970s and then flamed out famously (getting busted in

Bali with a kilo of coke, and later shot dead in a drug deal gone bad in Harlem). "It's baffling that nobody's come from New York," says Kelly Slater, the sport's Michael Jordan. "But Balaram is loose and ready for whatever. He's smooth with the ladies too, and that's important right now."

"I love being from New York," says Stack, 19, who was raised in Long Beach, a popular beach town an hour from midtown Manhattan. Around the world, he says, "I tell people where I'm from and they often don't even know there was an ocean there."

J.D.

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BRETT BANASIEWICZ

The highflying "Mad Dog" of BMX

BRETT BANASIEWICZ OF SOUTH Bend, Indiana, doesn't go by the nickname Mad Dog because his last name is a mouthful, though it certainly helps with that. He's been called that since he was a kid, when his brother, older by six years, and his friends would tease Brett until he snapped. "They'd put me in a circle and hold my head and I'd spin around and try to punch them," Banasiewicz, now 16, says. "Like a mad dog." In a sense, he owes his career as the rising star of BMX to that tough love. Because little Brett desperately wanted to be friends with the big kids, and to follow them around, he had to learn to ride a bike. So at six, he took up BMX. "If I wanted to hang," he says, "I had to keep up."

BMX legend Dave Mirra says "Brett woke BMX up when he proved a 15-year-old could outride grown men." Banasiewicz has started giving back, pouring his earnings into a 30,000-foot indoor park he designed with friends. One of his goals is to make South Bend, a city known for Notre Dame football, into a boot camp for BMX. Because the only way to keep the sport alive is to always push the boundaries. "If you don't progress," says Banasiewicz, "it'll kill the sport." At some point, though, won't kids run out of new tricks? "Never," he says. "You can always add a trick to another trick." / J.D.



HOT WHEEL
The Mad Dog
bring up French
every last year



DOWNHILL RACER Gwin is going for a fifth World Cup win.

AARON GWIN

The best mountain biker in U.S. history?


THE LAST TIME ANYONE cared about downhill mountain-bike racing was 1999. That was the year Shaun Palmer, the guy known for drinking pints of Crown Royal, and Missy Grove, a lesbian who often raced with a dead piranha around her neck, both won a World Cup race on the same day. Back then, the sport seemed like the next big thing. But over the next decade, not a single American would win another World

Cup race. Ask Aaron Gwin, 23, about any of this and he draws a blank. Gwin might be the best downhill racer in U.S. history, but until recently he hadn't even heard of the sport.

Gwin grew up in the deserts of Southern California racing BMX and motocross on the amateur circuit, until a series of injuries and bad luck left him burned out at the age of 17. Then he met Cody Warren, a downhill champ, who encouraged him to enter a race. When Gwin showed up on a borrowed bike and asked what class he should enter, War-

ren shrugged and said, "Pro. You're fast enough." (Gwin finished third, two seconds behind Warren.) Three years later, Gwin is making history in staggering fashion. Earlier this year, he became the first American to win a World Cup race since '99, and then won three of the next four. If he wins in France on August 7th, he'll become the first man to take five World Cup races in one year, making him not just the best downhill racer in U.S. history but perhaps one of the greatest of all time. "I try not to think about it," says Gwin. "It's about going out and having fun. I just feel lucky to be able to do something like this for a living." **JESSE HYDE**



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GOLDEN CHILD
Barros will go for another first-place medal at the X Games.

PEDRO BARROS

The skateboarding sensation from a remote island off the coast of Brazil

JUST 16, PEDRO BARROS HAS ALREADY participated in three of the six X Games skate events, adding a gold medal in Park last year to his two previous medals. He nearly added another in Big Air, taking fourth despite being the youngest skater in the competition by five years. The fact that Barros—who got his first board at age 11 months—is becoming one of the world's best street skaters is surprising not only because of his age but also because he lives on a dirt road, on a dusty island off Brazil's south coast where, he says, "it's very hard to find street spots."

On the upside, it's "one of the country's best surf areas, and very famous for the quality and quantity of beautiful girls."

So proud is Barros of his home turf of Rio Tavares that he had its nickname, RTMF (for "Rio Tavares Mother Fuckers"), tattooed on one set of knuckles. If you happen to visit RTMF, ask for the Barros compound. There you'll find Pedro, and his dad, and their friends, and probably some visiting pros skating the concrete bowl Papa Barros built. The gate is never locked. Life on the island is good, and simple, Barros says: "Surf, skate, music. It's the best life anyone could ever have."

J.D.

MARIA FORSBERG

A new challenge for the blue-collar speed racer

NOT ALL ACTION-SPORTS stars are treated equally. Maria Forsberg, 24, is the best female off-road motorcycle racer in America, a six-time champion, which is remarkable considering what Forsberg has to do to get there. Throughout the season she works a 40-hour week as a union electrician in Seattle, then boards a red-eye to fly somewhere to race—almost inevitably winning—and flies home in time to eat dinner with her husband (a cop) and get ready for work on Monday. "I make money racing," Forsberg says, "but not enough to live off—yet." Maybe this X Games will change that. When things kick off, Forsberg will be the favorite in EnduroCross, the newest sport to join the games, a combination of motocross and cross-country, over indoor obstacle-ridden courses. "It's survival of the fittest," she says, "and also an addiction. If I don't ride, I feel lost."

J.D.



TOUGH ENOUGH
Forsberg is ready for EnduroCross.

FROM TOP: NELLE SCHARN; JODI WILSON



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AUGUST 8	WANTAGH, NY	AUGUST 16	ST. LOUIS, MO	SEPTEMBER 8	DES MOINES, IA	SEPTEMBER 18	VIRGINIA BEACH, VA	SEPTEMBER 30	PHOENIX, AZ
AUGUST 7	WANTAGH, NY	AUGUST 20	CHICAGO, IL	SEPTEMBER 9	KANSAS CITY, MO	SEPTEMBER 20	CHARLOTTE, NC	OCTOBER 1	ANAHEIM, CA
AUGUST 11	BOSTON, MA	AUGUST 21	CINCINNATI, OH	SEPTEMBER 10	INDIANAPOLIS, IN	SEPTEMBER 21	ATLANTA, GA	OCTOBER 2	SACRAMENTO, CA
AUGUST 11	BUFFALO, NY	AUGUST 23	MILWAUKEE, WI	SEPTEMBER 11	DETROIT, MI	SEPTEMBER 23	WEST PALM BEACH, FL	OCTOBER 6	MOUNTAIN VIEW, CA
AUGUST 12	BOSTON, VA	SEPTEMBER 1	SEATTLE, WA	SEPTEMBER 13	CLEVELAND, OH	SEPTEMBER 24	TAMPA, FL	OCTOBER 7	LAS VEGAS, NV
AUGUST 13	HERSHEY, PA	SEPTEMBER 3	SALT LAKE CITY, UT	SEPTEMBER 15	PITTSBURGH, PA	SEPTEMBER 26	HOUSTON, TX	OCTOBER 8	LOS ANGELES, CA
		SEPTEMBER 4	DENVER, CO	SEPTEMBER 16	SARATOGA, NY	SEPTEMBER 27	DALLAS, TX		

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Reviews

NEW CDSPg. 70

MOVIESPg. 71

TVPg. 78

COMICSPg. 86



A country star, as seen on TV, brings blue-jeaned charm, no surprises

Blake Shelton

★★½

Red River Blue Warner Bros

BY WILL HERMES



Blake Shelton is probably the most famous country singer in America right

now - but not for his music. As the handsome, heart-on-sleeve papa bear of *The Voice*, NBC's hit *American Idol* knockoff, Shelton is the butch Southern analog to *Idol*'s Steven Tyler: cracking wise, hooting for his teammates, eyes welling up when he describes how close he feels to them. As gossip-mag readers know, he's married to Miranda Lambert, the most gifted woman to hit country's mainstream in a decade. They have made the covers of *Us Weekly* and *People*. If not for Lambert's outspoken love of firearms, they'd have a paparazzi tent city in their front yard.

Shelton's sixth album is poised to be his ticket into the musical mainstream, yet it's no overt crossover move. Instead, it's a recognizable Blake Shelton record: blue-jeaned and workmanlike, by turns corny and horny, with a double shot of good-ol'-boy charm and a couple of airtight singles. Shelton has said in print that artists should be polarizing. Yet *Red River Blue* is unlikely to offend anyone.

Shelton is the paradigm of the modern Nashville pro. He debuted as a hunky hat act in 2001 with the country-chart-topping "Austin," a love ballad told in answering-machine messages. Shelton couldn't sing

like George Jones or spit guitar licks like Brad Paisley, but he could play a role and put a song across. 2004's "Some Beach" was the decade's best fake Jimmy Buffett song, and Shelton's version of "Home," another country chart-topper, laid twang on the hit by Canadian puffball Michael Bublé, improving it in the process.

Red River Blue shows similarly versatile market savvy. It opens on "Honey Bee," the sexy slow-groove rocker he performed with his gal team on *The Voice*. "Ready to Roll" is a come-on with a touch of *Running on Empty*-era Jackson Browne (if you're gonna be a heartthrob, study the masters). His spirited cover of Dave Barnes' Christian-rock love song "God Gave Me You" makes the most of its big, sculpted hooks. Maybe the best moment is "Get Some," a John Prine-flavored TGIF jam with steel guitar, saloon piano and some good punch lines ("You get high, *reeeal* high . . . [cough]/Forget your next line"). But it's downhill from there. "Sunny in Seattle" works a laundry list of creaky metaphors for eternal love, and Shelton lacks the gravitas to sell the heart-broken title track. He tries to spice up bland material with creative phrasing and asides ("I'll even go pick up some . . . feminine products for ya" he tells some lucky woman on the outro of "Good Ole Boys"). But as cliché-lovers might say, a pig in a dress is still a pig.

The desire to enliven his persona may be why Shelton has been mouthing off on Twitter (e.g., a seemingly gay-baiting joke that flipped the lyrics of Shania Twain's "Any Man of Mine"). He should take a tip from his wife: The best way for a pop musician to command attention is to write, arrange and perform with bravery. Barring that, well, you can always judge prime-time singing competitions.

Key Tracks: "Get Some," "Honey Bee"



LISTEN NOW!

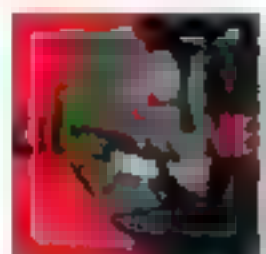
Hear key tracks from these albums at rollingstone.com/albums.

Lil Wayne's Amusing Apology

On goofy mixtape, Weezy bides time with wild rhymes, Gaga jokes and "Gucci Gucci"

Lil Wayne ★★ ★

Sorry 4 the Wait *Free download*



No apologies needed, Weezy. As a teaser while he puts the finishing touches on *Tha Carter IV*, Lil Wayne's new mixtape is the kind of free-style quickie that put him on top back in 2006 and 2007, when he'd bang out *Da Drought* sequels so fast, we'd hear the next one while we were still scraping our brains off the ceiling from the last one. *Sorry 4 the Wait* is his first mixtape since 2009's *No Ceiling*, before a prison term put him on ice. But even his warm-up exercises are good for a couple of laugh-intensive listens.

Sorry has nothing deep and nothing dense – just Weezy cracking himself up, talking his shit over beats from the latest Drake and Adele hits. The standout is a cover of Kreayshawn's "Gucci Gucci," where he hangs with dealers whose powder is so white, "they call it Lady Gaga." Lil B guests on "Grove St. Party," while Weezy goes for groupie love in his sicko version of "Rolling in the Deep," with lines like "She pop X, I smoke O's, tick-tack-toe." He also boasts, "I stand in front of the clock/'Cause I'm ahead of the time." Wait, didn't Dylan use that line on *Love and Theft*? (Nah – that was "I'm sitting on my watch so I can be on time.") *Sorry* isn't in the same league as those *Drought* tapes, but it's freewheeling fun – and it makes you look forward to the next *Carter*. **ROB SHEFFIELD**

Key Tracks: "Gucci Gucci," "Sorry 4 the Wait"



STOPGAP RAP
Sorry is intended to hold fans over till *Tha Carter IV* is released August 29th.

Fountains of Wayne ★★ ★ 1/2

Sky Full of Holes *Yep Roc*
Power-pop vets keep the excellent yarns coming



For 15 years, Fountains of Wayne have been rock's sharpest storytellers, chronicling the dreams and setbacks of middle-class types with heartbreaking precision and crunchy guitar hooks. Their fifth LP is rootsier than usual, but the characters are as vivid as ever. There's the boozier looking for love on an Amtrak ("Acela"); the woman reliving teenage nightmares at her parents' country house ("The Summer Place"); the hapless hipster entrepreneurs in "Richie and Ruben." The songs are filled with jokes – but the punch lines often turn into epiphanies. And FoW nail the boredom of the touring life: "In between the stops at the Cracker Barrel/And 40 movies with Will Ferrell/I need some way to occupy my time." **JODY ROSEN**

Key Tracks: "The Summer Place," "Richie and Ruben"

Lloyd ★★ ★ 1/2

King of Hearts

Young Goldie, *Zone 4/Interscope*

R&B star's fourth LP is hook-packed and gleefully raunchy



Lloyd is a wounded romantic – but on "Dedication to My Ex (Miss That)," the centerpiece of his fourth album, Lloyd's lament is more specific than most: "Why is this happening to me? . . . That pussy changed . . . I miss that pussy," he sobs. Raunch leavened by laughs is the formula for today's best male R&B, and if Lloyd isn't quite a master of the form like R. Kelly, he's a spirited comer. *King of Hearts* has taut production (mostly by Polow da Don) that takes in everything from synth club pop to retro-soul, but what holds it together is the salacious silliness: "You sexy/Love how you show it. . . . Go tell them bloggers/That they can quote me." **J.R.**

Key Tracks: "Dedication to My Ex (Miss That)," "This Is 4 My Baby"

TOP SINGLES

Mumford & Sons ★★★½ "Untitled"

This still-nameless ballad (fans are calling it "Home") sounds like Arcade Fire reborn as a string band. Cut live in a radio station, it's a slow-burner that threatens to explode but never does. It may be a taste of Mums' upcoming LP; either way, its sad hunger feels universal. **WILL HERMES**

Britney Spears feat. R. Kelly ★★★½ "Till the World Ends [Remix]"

Kelly slithers in with no shame: Does he actually sing, "It's a party right here hosted by Mr. Sex Addiction"? Not as fab as the Ke\$ha/Nicki Minaj remix (best use of chicken clucks this year!), but not as scene-stealing, either. He's a gentleman. **W.H.**

DJ Shadow feat. Afrikan Boy ★★ "I'm Excited"

Shadow's music used to be touched by the uncanny; this may be the clunkiest thing he's done. Stray, seemingly found noises give the groove ridges, but it's so busy it never finds its footing.

MICHAELANGELO MATOS

Cobra Starship ★★½ "You Make Me Feel..."

Except for a riff that suggests Pink's "Raise Your Glass," guitars take a timeout from the pop pranksters' new one. Gabe Saporta drops weak pickup lines, but guest diva Sabi calls herself "the baddest baby in the atmosphere," and is right.

MONICA HERRERA



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Chili Peppers Restart the Groove Machine

Red Hot Chili Peppers ★★★ "The Adventures of Rain Dance Maggie"

It's reassuring to realize just how little the Chilis have changed in the five years since their last album – or in the two decades since *Blood Sugar Sex Magik*, for that matter. So what if guitarist John Frusciante quit (again) during their most recent hiatus? The remaining members seem to be the same lovable goofballs as always. Their big comeback single, from August 30th's *I'm With You*,

has everything you want from the Chilis: Flea and Chad Smith cook up a juicy funk-pop groove with plenty of cowbell, new guitarist Josh Klinghoffer kicks in some rangy riffs, and Anthony Kiedis woos a wild child with the type of come-ons only he can deliver with a straight face ("Ticktock, I want to rock you like the Eighties") before leaning into a huge, pleading hook. Welcome back, dudes. **SIMON VOZICK-LEVINSON**

White Stripes Open Vaults

The White Stripes

"Signed D.C." ★★★ "I've Been Loving You Too Long" ★★½

Jack and Meg have called it quits, but there's good news: Third Man Records plans to gradually roll out a load of unreleased White Stripes songs. The newest offerings – covers cut in 1997 – prove the Stripes sounded like themselves from the get-go: On Love's druggy ballad "Signed D.C.," Jack moans about addiction over a beat that's minimalist even for Meg. Their take on Otis Redding's "I've Been Loving You Too Long" is livelier: Jack's vocals are sweet, but his fuzzed-out guitar suggests deeper torment. More, please. **PATRICK DOYLE**

Common Punches Back

Common feat. Nas

"Ghetto Dreams" ★★½

Rap-ignorant pundits should defame Common more often, if it'll result in songs like this. The Chicago native's latest knocks harder than anything on his last album, thanks to leering No I.D. production that samples pre-funk George Clinton (the Parliaments' "Let's Make It Last"). The song's around-the-way woman-worship ("Baby in one arm; the other is a skillet") echoes that of "Fried Chicken" by Nas, who raps somewhat reluctantly about "dimes" while touting his newly single status: "African queen – yo, look at me, I'm a bachelor!" Sean Hannity, get to misappropriating. **M.H.**

BOOTLEG

Eddie Vedder

Lyric Theater
Brisbane, Australia
March 10th, 2011

When Vedder came to Australia in March, his solo album, *Ukulele Songs*, was more than two months away from hitting shelves. Rather than flood the audience with material it didn't recognize, Vedder chose to fill the set with Pearl Jam deep cuts – and a stunning amount of covers. The show opens with a beautiful version of Daniel Johnston's "Walking the Cow" before going into Cat Stevens' "Trouble," which Vedder flubs about halfway through. "Sometimes when you really feel the songs – that's when you fuck them up," he tells the crowd. Vedder tacks the first verse of Pink Floyd's "Brain



Damage" onto a run-through of the Pearl Jam single "I Am Mine," while "Porch" has the Aussies screaming along. But the best moment comes when Vedder honors two of his rock heroes, with careful renditions of Bruce Springsteen's "Open All Night" and Neil Young's "The Needle and the Damage Done." Much like those two guys, Vedder is equally effective when he's fronting a noisy rock band or standing by himself with an acoustic guitar.

ANDY GREENE

THE GOOD FIGHT

For **Good Charlotte** frontmen and identical twin brothers Benji and Joel Madden, fighting hunger is a family affair. As members of the Feeding America® Entertainment Council, the duo is using their rock star status to raise awareness of this all-important cause that's so close to their hearts. Here, the guys open up about the crisis and what they're doing to help bar hunger.

Q: What prompted the two of you to get involved with Feeding America®, the nation's leading domestic hunger-relief organization, and the fight against hunger?

A: Learning that hunger was a problem that existed here, right in our own backyard. It's something that we just can't ignore. Having the opportunity to do some good and give back is really exciting for us.

Q: What was an experience you had while volunteering that really struck a chord with you?

A: Seeing all of the families in need of food reminds us so much of our own family and the struggles we faced during some of the harder times growing up.

Q: Has this emotional journey translated to your music in any way?

A: These kinds of experiences definitely make their way into our songs. It's inspiring to see the strength and courage people have and to see everyone come together to help each other.

Q: What do you hope to accomplish in the fight against hunger?

A: We have high hopes! The more we can do to make people aware of the crisis, the more likely people are to get involved. It's as simple as that.

Q: How have your fans supported you in your mission?

A: Good Charlotte fans support us in so many of our efforts, through GoodCharlotte.com and our Twitter community.

Q: What advice do you have for people looking to get involved in the fight against hunger?

A: Jump right in! Feeding America works on such a wide scale. And now with SNICKERS® Brand Bar Hunger effort it's so easy to get involved. You'll never regret taking that first step. It's exciting, rewarding and life-changing.



For more on Good Charlotte, including their latest album *Cardiology*—in stores now—follow them on twitter @goodcharlotte or at [facebook.com/goodcharlotte](https://www.facebook.com/goodcharlotte)

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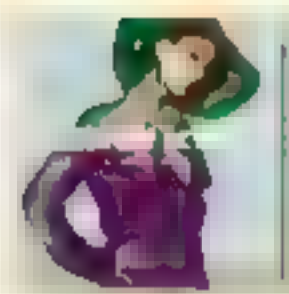


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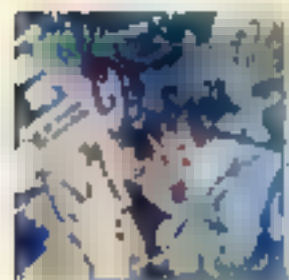
BAR HUNGER™

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REISSUES

**Alicia Keys ★★★★★****Songs in a Minor** J/Legacy

When the braided shorty burst out of the gate in 2001, boy bands were still boomin' and Destiny's Child defined bootyliciousness. With her classically trained voice and keyboard chops, Keys reintroduced the idea of a self-reliant (but still pop-friendly) R&B singer-songwriter – a type that stretches back to Stevie Wonder. In doing so, she crossed generational lines and ended up with an armload of Grammys. The outtakes, remixes and DVD with this reissue of her debut are nonessential, but the album has aged well – excepting a drum-machine beat or two, it feels timeless. “Fallin’” echoed Aretha’s gospel-soaked Sixties ache, while the Top 10 follow-up, “A Woman’s Worth,” demanded R-E-S-P-E-C-T via slow and lush hooks. And the brash, bugged-out cover of Prince’s B-side ballad “How Come You Don’t Call Me” proves that, eight years before she sang about it with Jay-Z, Keys clearly had that Empire State of mind. **BARRY WALTERS**

**Archers of Loaf ★★★★★½****Icky Mettle** Merge

Archers of Loaf were the last of the great Nineties bands to reunite, which makes sense. Ambivalence was the engine of their glorious slacker racket: “With all of my might, I do this/It’s a waste of my time to pursue this,” Eric Bachmann yowled on their 1993 debut, *Icky Mettle*. The no-frills North Carolinians were nobody’s glamour boys (they made Superchunk look like TLC), but they perfected the genre moves: bracing attack, two-guitar blurs of dissonance and beauty, a sympathetic barker wringing emotion from lyrics about the insular rock scene and girls who stalked it. (The second CD here is the rare bonus disc that actually feels like a bonus, tossing in the excellent *Vs the Greatest of All Time EP* from 1994.) Even on a jeremiad like “Audiowhore,” Bachmann sounds like a good guy. He’s a grouch you’d want to have a beer with. **JON DOLAN**

**R.E.M. ★★★★★****Lifes Rich Pageant** Capitol/I.R.S.

R.E.M. were already college-radio heroes by the time they made *Lifes Rich Pageant* in 1986. They could’ve kept making mumbly, jangly tunes for their core audience, but they went bigger and bolder, stepping toward radio-friendliness while retaining their iconoclastic spirit. The marvelously harmonized “Fall on Me” was their first crossover hit, while songs like “These Days” infused bombastic choruses with oddball charm. The skippable demos and rehearsals tacked on to this reissue suggest their I.R.S. catalog has been repackaged too often, although it’s fun to hear “King of Birds” (a classic that surfaced a year later on *Document*) in scruffy early form. **MATTHEW PERPETUA**

Various Artists

★★★★★

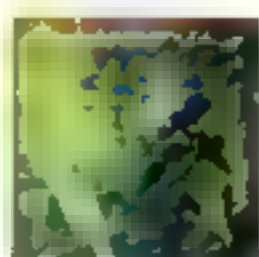
Red Hot + Rio 2

eOne

Beck, David Byrne and more do Brazil the right way

The first *Red Hot + Rio*, from 1996, reimagined bossa nova; this one jumps off the politicized, avant-rock Tropicália movement of the Sixties and Seventies. Many songs are classics – like “Baby,” envisioned here by arty soul singers Alice Smith and Aloe Blacc, and “O Leãozinho,” voiced by Beirut’s Zach Condon in his best indie-matinee-idol voice. (Both were written by Tropicália godfather Caetano Veloso, who joins David Byrne for the theremin-charged “Dreamworld.”) Other tracks, like the kinetic break-beat jam “A Cidade,” by DJ Dolores with Gogol Bordello’s Eugene Hutz, take the Tropicália spirit into the 21st century, where it sounds perfectly at home. **WILL HERMES**

Key Tracks: “O Leãozinho,” “Baby,” “Bat Macumba”

Yes ★★**Fly From Here** Frontiers**Prog vets let an admirer live out his fantasy**

What’s the world coming to when Jon Anderson can get sampled on last year’s Kanye West album – but he’s not on the new Yes album? Ah, well – as he used to sing, “Silly human race.” After giving Anderson the long-distance run-around, the prog vets have a new frontman: Benoit David, recruited from the Yes tribute band Close to the Edge. Their first album in 10 years aims high with a 24-minute, six-part title suite. Unfortunately, the band gets drowned out by weak vocals and synth goop – Steve Howe takes only a few disappointingly brief guitar solos, beyond his acoustic “Solitaire.” And when the new guy starts singing, *tempus* can’t *fugit* fast enough. **ROB SHEFFIELD**

Key Tracks: “Solitaire,” “Fly From Here – pt V – We Can Fly”

SBTRKT ★★½

SBTRKT XL

London DJ-to-watch blends sick rhythms, serious hooks

Ambitious like James Blake, and freewheeling like the London dub-step scene he’s lit up for two years, SBTRKT (real name Aaron Jerome) tries a lot of things on his debut – and succeeds at most. Guest vocalist Sampha evokes Blake’s parched croon, but *SBTRKT* is far more urgent and playful than Blake’s album. The vocal-driven songs have an irresistible R&B-once-removed hookiness: Basement Jaxx would kill to have made the buoyant two-step garage throwback, “Pharaohs,” and the grinding “Wildfire” features sultry cooing from Little Dragon’s Yuki-mi Nagano. Elsewhere, “Something Goes Right,” “Ready Set Loop” and “Sanctuary” have a starry-eyed quality that’s grounded by the intricately skipping rhythms and mutant megabass. **MICHAELANGELO MATOS**

Key Tracks: “Something Goes Right,” “Ready Set Loop”

Incubus ★★½**If Not Now, When?** Epic**The “Drive” guys are back – with a little less drive**

Brandon Boyd’s game has decayed a bit. On his band’s first album in five years, the Incubus heartthrob – who once tugged at *TRL* viewers’ heartstrings with the riffed-out sugar shot “Stellar” – is telling his beloved she’s “light like a feather, bright like a dying star” on “Switchblade.” Just as Boyd’s lyrics have gone a little soft, so Incubus’ seventh album dilutes the hard-edged funk rock of their early-2000s peak popularity into slick, inert ripples of interchangeable power pop. Incubus retain some of their early, macabre nerdiness (the harmony-bedecked “Tomorrow’s Food” reminds us of our dirt-bound mortality), but, for all the energy, the melodies fail to ignite. **STACEY ANDERSON**

Key Tracks: “If Not Now, When?” “In the Company of Wolves”

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Little Dragon

★★★★★ Ritual Union *Peace Frog/EMI*

Big Boi's favorite Scandinavian electro-soul act wigs out on third album



2011 is shaping up as the year of abstract R&B: the Weeknd, James Blake and now the latest by this three-man, one-woman Swedish crew, who count Big Boi, Damon Albarn, Raphael Saadiq and TV on the Radio's Dave Sitek among their fans and collaborators. Their third set hits a sweet spot between the futuristic soul of their debut and the synth pop of 2009's *Machine Dreams*. "Brush the Heat" sounds like Sheila E. hittin' the bong amid electronic dog whistles. "Precious" begins as dubstep pop, then morphs into an off-kilter house jam. On "Shuffle a Dream," singer Yukimi Nagano seems to empathize with a superstar who — if she keeps this up — just might be her before long.

WILL HERMES

Hear tracks from *Ritual Union* and read our interview with Little Dragon at rollingstone.com.



Little Dragon with Nagano (front)

KEY FACTS

Hometown

Gothenburg, Sweden

Sound

Prince-style cybersoul meets 21st-century electro pop

Fiery Frontwoman

The band is led by Yukimi Nagano, daughter of a Japanese dad and an American mom. "Little Dragon" was a nickname she had earned for her temper.

Good Guests

The band made two cameos on the last Gorillaz album, and Nagano recently fluttered into Raphael Saadiq's "Just Don't" like a Motown-loving ghost.

Greyson Chance

★★★

Hold on 'Til the Night

eleveneleven

Piano-playing drip vies to be the next Bieber



"It's over/Yeah, we're through/So I'm-a unfriend you," sings Greyson Chance on *Hold on 'Til the Night*, his reedy voice rising in a fit of pique. Though Chance may be serious about committing the ultimate social-media diss, the 13-year-old is anything but threatening on this potential blockbuster of a debut. The Oklahoma native scored big with a solo piano cover of Lady Gaga's "Paparazzi" (41 million YouTube views and counting), and here he's always in a lather, singing power ballads about holding on to dreams and seizing the day. His handlers clearly hope he's the next Bieber; sadly, there's not an ounce of fun in him. Unfriend.

JODY ROSEN

Key Tracks: "Unfriend You," "Little London Grl"

They Might Be Giants

★★★★½

Join Us *Idolwild/Rounder*

Rock eccentrics revive their experimental side



The last time John Linnell and John Flansburgh released an album for grown-ups, 2007's *The Else*, it was one of their most aggressively rock-centric to date. This time, they've gone more playfully experimental, from the sunny lead track, "Can't Keep Johnny Down," to the sly, strutting cabaret joint "Cloisonné." "Old Pine Box" seizes Simon and Garfunkel's acoustic jangle, and "Canajoharie" has one of Linnell's catchiest choruses ever. And while *Join Us* is lighter on lyrical surrealism than earlier TMBG, it delivers on their well-known gleeful morbidity: "You wreck everything you touch, and you're a sociopath," they sing on "When Will You Die," surely the year's most satisfying hate-on.

EVIE NAGY

Key Tracks: "When Will You Die," "Old Pine Box," "Canajoharie"

The Cool Kids

★★★★½

When Fish Ride Bicycles

Green Label Sound

Chicago MCs hardly break a sweat on charming debut



Hailed three years ago as leaders of rap's latest new school, this easygoing Chicago duo are just now getting around to releasing their full-length debut. But if the Cool Kids aren't quite as buzzy as they once were, their skills are tighter than ever. Rappers Chuck Inglish and Mikey Rocks are a pair of mellow charmers, trading good-humored boasts about cars and clothes — and, remarkably, holding their own alongside heavyweight guests like Ghostface Killah ("Penny Hardaway") and Bun B ("Gas Station"). Inglish's work as the primary producer behind the album's head-cracking beats and sleek electro flourishes is even more impressive.

SIMON VOZICK-LEVINSON

Key Tracks: "Penny Hardaway," "Rush Hour Traffic"

David Bromberg

★★★★

Use Me *Applesseed*

A folk-blues wiseguy gets together with old friends



This former Bob Dylan sideman would like you to know he has other talented pals. Here he asks a bunch of them (Levon Helm, Dr. John, John Hiatt, Los Lobos) to pen songs or pick covers, then join him in the studio. As on David Bromberg's 2007 comeback, *Try Me One More Time*, his baritone sing-speak, class-clown humor and multi-instrumentalism (fiddle, guitar, dobro, mandolin) recall the best for his rip-for-reissue Seventies LPs. If the most memorable songs here are the titular Bill Withers classic and his own "Tongue" ("You best get your tongue out of my mouth/Because I'm kissing you goodbye!"), Bromberg still makes every track shine, like the A-list session man he's always been.

W.H.

Key Tracks: "Tongue," "Use Me," "The Long Goodbye"

Eric Church

★★★★½

Chief *EMI Nashville*

Country hotshot loves Bruce, booze and big hooks



"Drink in My Hand." "Hung-over & Hard Up." "Jack Daniels." The titles tell the story on Eric Church's third album: This is country music in the rough 'n' tumble honky-tonk tradition. Church, from North Carolina, is one of Nashville's sharpest young songwriters, and on *Chief* the rock guitars and twangy blues are set against big hooks and finely grained storytelling. The country hit "Homeboy" is the tale of a small-town-boy-turned-wanna-be-hip-hop-thug. In "Springsteen," the sound of Bruce songs teleports Church back to teenage romance: "Somewhere between that setting sun, I'm on Fire" and "Born to Run/You looked at me and I was done but we were just getting started."

J.R.

Key Tracks: "Homeboy," "Country Music Jesus," "Springsteen"

Drive-By Truckers

★★★★½

Ugly Buildings, Whores and Politicians: Greatest Hits

New West

Genius Southern storytellers give you their best



"I can't die now/ 'Cause I got another show to do," hollers Patterson Hood on "The

Living Bubba" – all parched road-dog desperation and two-step twang. That the band's de facto anthem was written about a fellow Southern rocker dying of AIDS says a lot about these unflinching realists. This compilation, like the 15-year catalog it samples, is as much short-story collection as it is song set; it's the perfect introduction to the band's Lynyrd Skynyrd-style triple-guitar brawls. If country music is, as Harlan Howard put it, "three chords and the truth," these guys are some kinda sweat-stained saints. **WILL HERMES**

Key Tracks: "The Living Bubba," "Ronnie and Neil"

Theophilus London

★★★★

Timez Are Weird These Days Warner Bros.

Brooklyn rapper coasts on neo-retro charm



If you made a hipster-rap bonus baby in a laboratory, you couldn't do much

better than Theophilus London. The 23-year-old Trinidad-born Brooklyn MC's neo-retro hip-hop mashes up TV on the Radio's vocal cadences, old-school break-dance beats and the forlorn melodic tug of a Smiths fan (he dropped *This Charming Mixtape* in 2009). "Why Even Try" recalls Tom Tom Club's electro-bubblegum classic "Genius of Love," but placeholder lyrics – "Back on the road again/Hitting Paris on a 10," from "All Around the World" – show that even in hipster rap, you need to rock the words, too. **JON DOLAN**

Key Tracks: "Why Even Try," "Last Name London"

Fela's Funked Out Legacy

Two sons of a Nigerian pop legend take different paths toward Afro-groove nirvana

Seun Kuti and Egypt 80



From Africa With Fury: Rise
Knitting Factory
★★★★

Femi Kuti



Africa for Africa
Knitting Factory
★★★

As one might expect of a musical giant who married 27 women, the late Nigerian pop radical Fela Kuti fathered some talented kids. Two of them are furthering the family business in Afrobeat, the Africanized vision of James Brown's funk that Fela invented (and which has influenced everyone from Beyoncé to TV on the Radio). Femi, Fela's eldest son, fell out with his dad in the late Eighties, leaving the fold to start his own band. On *Africa for Africa*, he's still denouncing dirtbag Nigerian politicians over big-band brass and busy polyrhythms. But his grooves have mellowed, as Fela's did over time, and so has his delivery: There's a tenderness in "Boys Dey Hungry for Town" that Fela never approached.

Where his brother smolders, Seun – Fela's youngest son – burns. Still in his twenties, with FELA LIVES tattooed across his back, dude has built a ridiculously hot band around the surviving members of Fela's Egypt 80 crew. Longtime Afrobeat fanatic Brian Eno co-produces with a light touch: Percussion is up front, tone colors flicker. "Rise" opens with guitar shaping a looped melody, then takes flight on a trumpet solo while indicting corporate bloodsuckers. Addressing Nigeria's history ("Slave Masters") and militarism ("African Soldier"), Seun's proper coming-out closes with some positive thoughts on cannabis ("The Good Leaf"). Fela lives, indeed. **W H**



The Decemberists

★★★★½

iTunes Session (EP) Capitol

Portland rockers kick out the jams, politely



With their abstruse allusions and just-so arrangements, the Decemberists'

albums often sound like they've been rehearsed and researched down to the last grace note. That's no knock – in fact, it's key to their appeal. But it's a pleasure to hear them cut loose on this eight-song EP, recorded live in an L.A. studio. They attack their back catalog with relish, jamming on jangly gems from this year's *The King Is Dead*, and breathing fresh life into older tunes. Best of all is a fiddle-sweetened cover of Leonard Cohen's "Hey, That's No Way to Say Goodbye" that suggests what the great Canadian might have sounded like if he came up in Appalachia. **SIMON VOZICK-LEVINSON**

Key Tracks: "Calamity Song," "Hey, That's No Way to Say Goodbye"

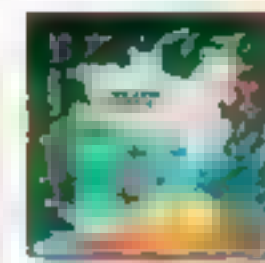
Marianne Faithfull

★★★★

Horses and High Heels

Naïve

A pop survivor heads to New Orleans for aching look back



By the time the Sixties were over, Marianne Faithfull had been run ragged as the

glamorous muse of the Rolling Stones. For *Horses and High Heels*, she traveled to New Orleans, looking back on the past with fondness, to record what she called her "happy" album. Instead, we get 13 songs (including Dusty Springfield and Elton John covers) heavy with lost love and Faithfull's honey-over-gravel voice. But failed intent makes this no less soulful or enchanting. With help from Dr. John and guitarist John Porter, Faithfull, like New Orleans itself, proves hard times make for very good music. **RACHEL KAADZI GHANSAM**

Key Tracks: "Horses and High Heels," "Prussian Blue"

Movies

BY PETER PRATT



HARRY
POTTER, 2011
Daniel Radcliffe
grows up on film.

Harry Hangs Up His Wand

The Potter adventure all ends here in a memorable finale that brims with joy and tears

Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows, Part 2

★★★★½

Daniel Radcliffe, Emma Watson, Rupert Grint
Directed by David Yates

YOU NEED AN ACTOR WITH the dramatic heft of Ralph Fiennes to deliver the four words that vile Lord Voldemort hisses here with such lip-smacking, syllable-stretching relish: "Harry. Potter. Is. Dead."

Say what? You know that's not true. What is dead is the Harry Potter film franchise that milked Brit author J.K. Rowling's seven bestsellers for eight movies, a global box-office take of \$6.3 billion, and the Hollywood heavyweight title as the most lucrative film series in, well, ever. Stick that up your Aston Martin, James Bond. While 007 shows no sign of calling it quits, wizard boy Harry has been retired by Rowling. That's all she wrote.

Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows, Part 2 puts a triumphant capper on a decade of Pottermania. Fans will be wild about Harry and the way the quietly dazzling Daniel Radcliffe has grown in the role, from the 11-year-old orphan



Radcliffe
in 2001

of 2001's *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone* to the haunted old soul we now see. So hip-hip and a blast of hurrahs for Radcliffe. Well played, sir.

That's a relief, since David Yates, who directed the final four Potter epics, was merely clearing his throat during last year's *Part 1*, like a general under orders to squeeze the goose for more gold. While *Part 1* huffed and puffed for a slogging 147 minutes, *Part 2* zips by in just over two hours, crowding the movie with incident. The loose ends being tied up include turning Hogwarts into a smoking battlefield between good and evil as Harry labors to destroy the four horcruxes that contain Voldy's moldy soul and keep the bastard breathing through a nearly obliterated nose. (A lifetime of blow? Rowling won't tell.)

Confused? That means you never converted to the church of Harry. If not, this final chapter is so not for you. You'll feel like a Luddite at a computer convention. Even converts may feel irritated by the overstuffing in a 3D that the action doesn't really need. We don't see enough of key characters. Alan Rickman is sublime at giving us a glimpse into the secret nurturing heart that potions professor Severus Snape masks with a sneer. But why just an appetizer when we crave a full meal? The same goes for the crisis of conscience that ravages Draco Malfoy, a villain with hints of Hitler Youth that the gifted Tom Felton plays with unexpected depth and sorrow.

As Harry's BFFs, Emma Watson's Hermione Granger and Rupert Grint's Ron Weasley also get short shrift. Though I appreciated the giggle they add to the pair's first kiss. Is smart, sassy Hermione really hooking up with a lumbering ginger possessing (her words) "the emotional range of a teaspoon"? Seriously! And whatever Harry's doing with Ron's sister Ginny (Bonnie Wright) has the heat of dead ash.

And yet there is much to revel in. What a treat to see the magnificent Maggie Smith

back from the sidelines to fire things up as deputy headmistress McGonagall. Blending young talent with British acting royalty has always given the series distinction.

Yates marshals his technical team to produce visual marvels. Props to the thrilling dragon ride out of the caves beneath the Gringotts wizard bank. And how about that sly minx Helena Bonham Carter as witchy, bitchy Bellatrix Lestrange? Hermione is supposed to break into the bank disguised as Bellatrix. Maybe Watson wasn't up to the task. Who would be? So Bonham Carter plays Bellatrix as she imagines Hermione would, giving dewy adolescence a wicked tweak that's flat-out hilarious.

There are times when the film's epic scale threatens to overwhelm the intimacy in Steve Kloves' complexly interwoven script. It's telling that the first and least of the Potter films, Chris Columbus' candy-assed *Sorcerer's Stone*, hit the box-office jackpot (\$317 million), and the third and best of the series, Alfonso Cuarón's hotblooded *Prisoner of Azkaban*, brought up the rear (\$250 million). Michael Bay's kingship in Hollywood is proof you'll never go broke by under-

lining the obvious. Blessedly, the Potter series refuses to sell out its humanity. OK, I wish Rowling had followed her initial impulse to hand Harry over to no-limits visionary Terry Gilliam. But you don't look to the Potter books and films for violent emotion. There is still real passion to be found behind the walls these very British characters erect.

Even more than the final battle between Harry and Voldemort, you'll remember Harry's touching reunion with the ghosts of his murdered parents and headmaster Albus Dumbledore (the great Michael Gambon), who's been talking a blue streak since his death.

Even my nitpicking reveals how much Rowling's characters and their cinematic avatars have worked their way into our heads and made us care. I dare you not to choke up, especially at the epilogue that takes us 19 years into Harry's future. That's the true power of the finale. These characters are ours now. What an exhilarating gift to watch Harry and Co. go out in a blaze of glory and amazing grace. Note to Academy muggles: Get busy coming up with that Best Picture nomination you've denied all the other Potter films. Oscar attention must be paid.

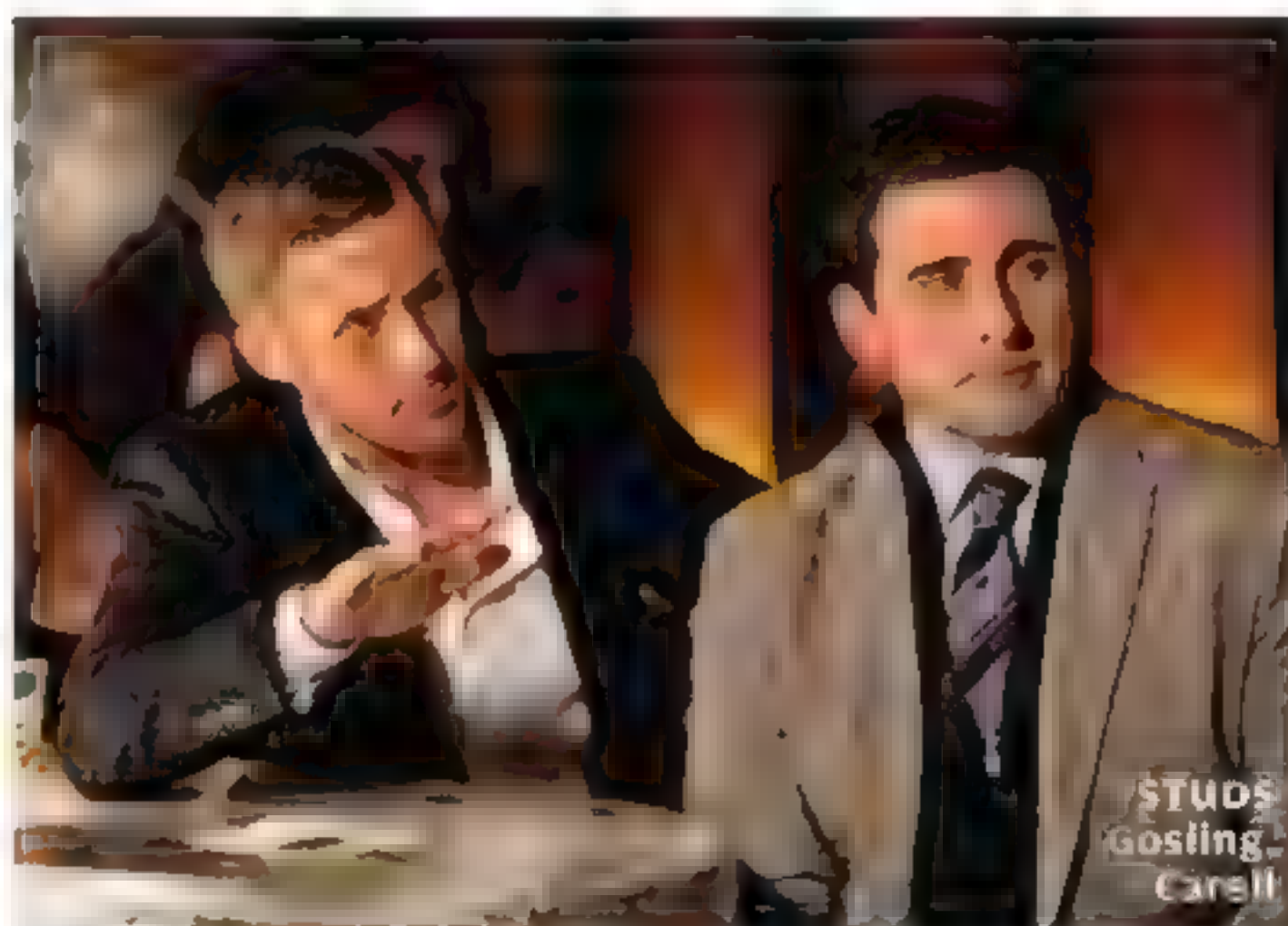
Another Earth

★★★

Brit Marling

Directed by Mike Cahill

DON'T LET THIS LOW-BUDGET indie get crushed by the summer behemoths. *Another Earth* offers imagination and provocation to spare. By way of plot I'll say only this: Scientists have discovered a replica of Earth orbiting the sun. This is a game-changer for Rhoda (Brit Marling), an MIT student whose drunken joy ride resulted in the death of a pregnant mother and her son. Only the husband, music professor John Burroughs (William Mapother), survived. Can another Earth offer Rhoda salvation or just deeper damnation? Newcomer Marling, who wrote the artful script with director Mike Cahill, is a talent to watch. She and Cahill have crafted a mesmerizing mind-bender to haunt your dreams.



Crazy Stupid Love

★★★

Steve Carell, Ryan Gosling

Directed by Glenn Ficarra and John Requa

THE CORPSES OF CREATIVELY dead rom-coms litter our multiplexes. So it's a pleasure to come across the sharply funny and touching *Crazy Stupid Love*. It's a live one with a dream cast that keeps springing playful surprises. This comes in handy when commendably frisky directors Glenn Ficarra and John Requa (the underrated *I Love You Phillip Morris*) can't resist the temptation to let Dan Fogelman's script go soft.

Steve Carell, his *Office* duties behind him, is wonderfully appealing and vulnerable as Cal Weaver, who'd be a 40-year-old virgin if he didn't marry the first and only woman he's ever had sex with. That's Emily (the reliably superb Julianne Moore), and she's tired of Cal taking her and their kids for granted. So tired that she sleeps with co-worker David Lindhagen (Kevin Bacon) and kicks Cal to the curb.

Ryan Gosling scores a comic knockout as Jacob Palmer, a notorious player who takes it on himself to make over uncool Cal and get him laid. Carell makes his transformation amusing and believable. And his sparring with Gosling spins the movie into a riotous game of relationship poker. Jacob falls for hard-to-get Hannah (a scintillating Emma Stone). Cal, who wants his wife back, doesn't see that teen babysitter Jessica (a star-is-

born turn from Analeigh Tipton) has the hots for him or that Robbie (Jonah Bobo), his 13-year-old son, has the hots for Jessica. Things come to a head after Cal's one-nighter with Kate (Marisa Tomei), who's actually Robbie's teacher. Ouch! What makes *Crazy Stupid Love* a cut above is actors who let pain seep into the laughs. Here's a comedy you really can take to heart.

Captain America: The First Avenger

★★½

Chris Evans, Hayley Atwell

Directed by Joe Johnston

IT'S ABOUT TIME THAT a 90-pound weakling got to kick sand in the face of the other heroes in the Marvel Comics universe. I'm talking Steve Rogers (Chris Evans), the

Brooklyn kid who tries futilely to pass a World War II Army physical that will get him up in Hitler's face. Luckily, Steve meets Abraham Erskine (Stanley Tucci), a doctor who thinks this good-natured wimp is a perfect fit for his supersoldier experiment. A few Vita-rays later, and Steve—digital miracles have turned Evans into a convincing beanpole—pumps up into the hard-bodied Captain America, a mega fighting and propaganda machine.

Here's the funny thing: Despite all the Captain America rah-rah in costume and indestructible shield, the movie is at its best when the story sticks with skinny Steve. Evans, who played the Human Torch in two less-than-fantastic *Fantastic Four* films, brings such humor, heart and vigor to virtuous Steve that our rooting interest holds even when the action gets to be standard-issue, as it did in director Joe Johnston's *The Rocketeer*. Hayley Atwell excels as the Captain's soldier crush. And Hugo Weaving huffs and puffs mightily as the Red Skull, the rogue Nazi freak who heads the Hydra plot for world takeover. But it's Evans, playing it old-school, who has us looking forward to *The Avengers* next year, when

the pioneering Captain leads Iron Man, Thor and the Hulk on present-day adventures. Evans makes a hell of an MVP.



[Cont. from 45] different for me, and it's something that I've never experienced."

THE NEXT DAY, DAVID AND JEFF Garlin are sitting together at another restaurant, interrogating a waitress. It feels like cameras should be rolling, but this is, as best as can be determined, real life. One of the few clues is that while David is wearing another outfit from the show – sport jacket, V-neck, khakis – Garlin is in jeans and a *Fahrenheit 451* T-shirt. The restaurant is located inside the complex where David has his office, so he is on a level beyond "regular" here: He orders his own off-menu salad, known, appropriately, as the Larry David. Garlin asks the waitress about the ingredients – for the record, mixed greens, romaine, radish, green onion, carrot, avocado, cucumber, tomato, pine nuts, regular vinaigrette – and orders it too.

Lately, David has been comically obsessed with "the pour" – servers' insistence on pouring bottled water instead of letting him do it himself. "Are you man enough to tell her not to pour?" he had asked me the day before. Today, David is man enough.

"Why would you stop the pour?" Garlin asks.

"I don't like it."

"Why don't you like it? She's a server, she's being very nice, we're being very respectful to her."

"I don't like it."

When the waitress comes back, Garlin puts the question to her: "Is pouring a hassle to you, are you, like, 'Oh, I've got to pour...'"

WAITRESS: No, it's just...

LARRY: Is it a policy? Have you been instructed to pour?

WAITRESS: If your glass is empty and there's a bottle and my manager saw that, yeah, I'd get yelled at.

LARRY: Why?

WAITRESS: Because I should be pouring it.

LARRY: Why should you be pouring it?

JEFF: That's the manager's policy!

WAITRESS: I guess they feel that that is part of the job, the territory.

LARRY: Is it also because they want us to finish the bottle so I could buy another?

WAITRESS: Probably.

"I rest my case," David says, pounding the table in triumph.

I can't help pointing out how TV-ready this exchange is, which the two men don't necessarily appreciate. "I'd be way too self-aware in our conversations if I thought like that," says Garlin.

David used to carry a notebook to capture these kinds of moments for future use, but he's switched to his BlackBerry. "My last BlackBerry died, and I lost a ton of stuff," he says. "And once I lost one of my pads and that was awful. A lot of those

things that you write down, you won't think of it again."

In 1999, Garlin had the idea of directing a TV special of David's return to stand-up – instead, David turned it into a fictionalized documentary called *Curb Your Enthusiasm*, and cast Garlin as his philandering manager. Their chemistry was instant – and what David calls their "solid, unbreakable" friendship on the show carries over to real life.

The conversation somehow turns to LeBron James, whom Garlin can't stand. "On his back he has a tattoo that says CHOSEN 1," Garlin says, starting to shout. "'The chosen one,' across his back! I'm sorry I'm so loud, it makes me crazy."

"How do you think Gentiles feel about the Jews?" David says. "That's why!"

"One thing we don't do," says Garlin, "is wear tattoos."

We bid Garlin goodbye, and walk through a parking lot under the blazing sun back to David's office. He's sorry to see Jeff go – he likes having an interview buffer so much that he calls Cheryl Hines to try to get her to join us, too. But it turns out she's in New York, to his dismay. "It's just easier to do this when there's another person around, you know? It should be three, two is not enough people to interact. I think the Mormons have it right there, with marriage. Two wives, that's what I need to have successful relationships. I interact much better when I'm not one-on-one."

Putting his feet up on his computer-free desk, David says he's highly unlikely to ever get married a second time. "It would be a silly thing to do. Why would I do it? Why would I want that contract? I already have kids. The best situation is being a single parent. The best part about it is that you get time off, too, because the kids are with their mom, so it's the best of both worlds. There's a lot to be said for it. You get married, you have kids – you should plan this from the beginning. We're going to have these kids, then we'll get divorced when they're four. All right, six."

He gave up a sizable chunk of his not-insubstantial fortune in the divorce, but he's not complaining. "I don't want my ex-wife to be unhappy. I don't really mind. She deserves it after putting in that time with me. Of course, if she was the one who had the money, I'd say I deserve it, putting in the time with her."

It could be argued that having kids is the key difference between David and his *Curb* character. "That guy couldn't have kids," says David, who nevertheless isn't sure that being a father has changed him much. "I don't really think it has. It gives you some insight into who you are under these circumstances. You don't really know what kind of father you'd be, and now I know that I'm not a very good one." He laughs.

Really? "I think I'm probably too easy. I can be talked into anything, really, and the kids know that if they persist, they know that I'll cave. And I do. For me not to cave, it's got to be a monumental thing," he says. "But it's interesting that all of a sudden that these are the two people in the world that you're closest to, and you never expected that that would be the case. But there it is. These are the two indispensable people in your life. It's odd."

When he's not trying to sell preplanned divorce and single parenthood as an ideal life option, David does admit to some pain around the split. "At the beginning, yeah, it was difficult," he says, looking uncharacteristically pensive. "Your life is in upheaval, and you're used to a certain thing, and then all of a sudden you're no longer in your house, you're no longer doing your routine, all of that has been overturned, and now you're someplace else doing what, buying silverware? I think it's because you're thrown off your routine. I guess there's also something about... I just spent 17 years with this person, and what does that all mean?"

David doesn't want to talk about dating, but he does address Howard Stern's recent assertion that he found it shallow to go out with women who were attracted to his fame. "Who cares? That's fine with me if they're interested in fame, that's great! Bring it on, what do I care? I'm happy for it! Otherwise, what, do you expect somebody to like you for who you are? I was who I was for a long time, nobody seemed to care for it. Why else would somebody approach me? Who's going up to a bald guy, an old bald guy? Nobody! If I wasn't on television, who's coming up to me? People would run from me, are you kidding? If I tried to flirt with a woman and she didn't know who I was, she would run away." He pauses. "And who's not shallow, by the way?"

I point out that his work demolishes the pretense that people aren't shallow, aren't selfish, and he nods emphatically. "Hear, hear," he says.

LARRY DAVID HAS BEEN YELLING at me for the past five minutes or so, and it doesn't seem like he's going to stop anytime soon. Thankfully, he has the rare ability to smile while he shouts. An innocent question set him off: What was it like, after years of struggle, to become a wealthy man with the success of *Seinfeld*? It's a reasonable query: David used to be so worried about his financial future that he'd scout out good spots to sleep on the street.

At first, he answers thoughtfully, talking about how cash eased some of his worries. Then he starts to get pissed. "But, by the way, I'm not the only person on television who has money," he says. "It seems like it's not an issue with anybody else. It seems to be public with me for some rea-

son, and, by the way, the numbers are so far off. I don't have anything near what I'm reputed to have. My wife got half of it, the whole thing is ridiculous, and yet people are obsessed with the fact that I've made millions of dollars in syndication. It's almost like I shouldn't have the money: 'Who are you to have the money? Why you? Somebody else should have it, not you, Larry!' It's OK for all these other people you've interviewed to have it, but not me? Why are they entitled to it and not me? Jerry's not asked about how much money he has. Only I am. It comes down to 'Jerry deserves it, he starred in it, you got lucky!'"

He's turning cartoonishly red now, laughing a little, but still shouting. "I haven't heard anyone say, 'Bruce Springsteen, you have all this money.' Somehow, I've stolen the money. You know what I mean? It's almost like, 'You're from Brooklyn, how dare you make money like that? You don't deserve it.' Everybody you see in the movies and on television has plenty of money. Ray Romano's got a lot of money – ask Ray! Does anybody ever talk to him about it? No!"

"It doesn't suit me, that's why, it's uncharacteristic for a person with my personality to have it, that's what's askew, right? It doesn't fit, it's not a good fit, I should be poor. That's what it is, I

shouldn't have it, it's a mistake somehow. It seems off, something's off, and I agree with you. I shouldn't! It's an anomaly!"

People love to ask David if he's happy now, and not just in interviews. "People who knew me 20 years ago ask me, 'Are you happy now? You must be happy now. You're happy, right? Are you happy? You have all this now, you must be happy.' Yeah, I am."

And while friends say he's changed very little with his success ("Part of my frustration was my inability to change him in any way," says Laurie), he does see some shifts. "I'm not as viscerally hostile as I was, or as contemptuous," he says. "Because I became everything I was contemptuous of. Anybody who was remotely happy I detested. So I see all these people who I was contemptuous of, and now that I'm around them and know them, they're not so bad."

Some of this season's *Curb Your Enthusiasm* was filmed in New York, so David spent more time in his home city than he had in two decades. "It's odd to say it, but when I'm there, I feel like I'm home," he says. "It's just a sense of being comfortable." He might move back to New York permanently someday if it weren't for the winters, which would interfere with his only real hobby. "I don't know what I would do without golf, on nonwork days,

in New York. I don't know what people do. It's not fun for me to just walk around and have cocktails and go to museums and plays. I get nothing out of that."

Shooting in New York, David got a glimpse of how beloved he's become. As they shot a scene outside the downtown bakery Veniero's one Friday around midnight, a crowd of hundreds gathered. "We love you, LD!" they'd yell, applauding after every take. At one point, he took a bow

One night during his stay, he went to Yankee Stadium to see a game with Berg and Mandel. His image went up on the big screen as *Curb Your Enthusiasm's* theme song played over the big speakers. An entire stadium of fans stood and cheered for the hopeless case from Brooklyn. It should have been a life-defining moment, the redemptive final scene in the biopic. But as it turned out, not so much. As David left the stadium, a guy drove by and yelled, "Larry, you suck!" "That's, like, literally all he heard," Berg says.

David spent the ride back from the Bronx obsessing over that moment, running it over and over in his mind. It was as if the other 50,000 people, the ones who loved him, didn't exist. "Who's that guy? What was that?" he asked. "Who would do that? Why would you say something like that?"

MUMFORD & SONS

[Cont. from 53] evangelical church from the 1970s that they have been involved with since before Marcus was born. (It's the same church that lead Dylan to Jesus around the time of *Slow Train Coming*.) According to Lovett, a committed non-believer, Mumford's religion made things tricky. "It was always a bit of a stumbling block for our friendship," he says. "I don't know if Marcus would see it like that – we were still great friends who played music together. But whenever that stuff would come up..."

When it comes to talking about the church today, Mumford is circumspect. "I just feel like it's personal, you know? For who we are as people, it's almost everything. But I don't feel like it's super-relevant to what we do musically."

This is something he's been struggling with lately: keeping personal things personal in the face of magnified attention. In the U.S., the band members have been snapped by paparazzi a few times, usually when they're out with their friend Jake Gyllenhaal, who's a fan. But at home in England, the coverage could become more intense – in part because of Mumford's new girlfriend, actress Carey Mulligan. It's actually a pretty sweet story: When they were 11, they became pen pals through church; eventually they fell out of touch,

but they reconnected a few months ago and have been together ever since. Mumford calls her "a great sounding board" and says they're very happy together, but it also takes him only about a minute of this line of inquiry to shut it down – albeit in the most polite, English way possible.

"So," he says, "should we go for a ride?"

One of the crew guys has a couple of motorcycles here, and Mumford, missing his Triumph back home, wants to take one for a spin. He chooses a Yamaha, slips on his shades and cruises out of the grounds and up the mountain toward a waterfall. As we climb, he soaks up the scenery, marveling at the mountain vistas and blue sky. "Are those aspens up there?" he says, pointing to the ridgeline. At the top, he stops for a cigarette and calls Mulligan to say hello.

On the way back down, the beautiful afternoon starts to turn dark and wet. By the time Mumford & Sons take the stage, it's freezing rain, with everyone in the crowd drenched and shivering. Helms watches the band's set in a big yellow rain slicker and galoshes ("my Paddington Bear look," he jokes). But if the bandmates' spirits are dampened, it shows not at all, as they bounce around the stage as excited as ever.

This is their last show in the U.S. for a while. Tomorrow they'll fly back home to London for a couple more festivals, and

then they'll go into the studio to start recording their new album with producer Markus Dravs (Arcade Fire, Coldplay). They're already halfway there; last January, they wrote half a dozen new songs while staying at a friend's farm near Nashville. ("Nashville is less of a cliché if you're British," Lovett says a little sheepishly.)

The next act up is Robert Plant, playing with his roots outfit, Band of Joy. "Wow – Mumford & Sons!" he says from the stage. "I'm so proud to be British today. Marvelous beyond belief. How wonderful." Mumford, watching from the wings, grins like an idiot. Afterward, the band gets an audience with Plant backstage, and he repeats his earlier praise. "You're just what this festival needs – a good kick in the ass," he says.

Later, Mumford is giddy. "That was fucking mental!" he says. "I called Carey and said, 'You'll never believe what just happened.'" They have an early flight to London tomorrow, but first they're heading back to the opera house where they played last year for one last blowout jam. Plant might even come by – "If you need us, mate, just say the word," Mumford told him earlier. (Plant, laughing: "I think we're all right, mate.")

But whether Plant shows or not, Mumford seems content. "Days like this, man," he says, shaking his head. "Wow. Awesome."

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DALAI LAMA

[Cont. from 59] views, different suggestions, and then how to lead. Really wonderful sort of advice. He asked me to send telegrams on a personal level, direct to him.

So I return to Tibet full of conviction. On the road, I meet a Chinese general coming from Lhasa. I told him, "Last year, when I traveled this road, I was full of anxiety, suspicion. Now I'm returning, full of confidence and hope." That was the summer of 1955.

Then, in 1956, there were problems in the eastern part of Tibet under Chinese jurisdiction. So I come to India. Month by month, things become more serious. More trouble. So after I return from India, I wrote at least two letters to Chairman Mao about the situation. No reply. No response. Then I felt, "Oh, his promise is just words."

There are murals in the Potala that depict important moments and people in the lives of past Dalai Lamas. Your life has been so different from the previous Dalai Lamas. Who and what do you imagine might be depicted in a mural of your life?

Ahh, I don't know. Of course, my mother at a young age. Then, my tutor. I never thought about this. That's up to other people.

The important thing is that my daily life should be something useful to others. As soon as I wake up in the morning, I shape my mind. The rest of the day, my body, speech, mind are dedicated to others. That is compulsory as a practitioner, and also that way I gain some kind of inner strength. If I am concerned about my own sort of legacy, a genuine Buddhist practitioner should not think that. If you're concerned much about your legacy, then your work will not become sincere. You are mainly thinking of

your own good name. Selfish. Not good. Spoiled.

Do you believe the day will come when you will be allowed to return to Tibet?

The Tibet issue is not an issue about the Dalai Lama. It is about six million Tibetans and their culture. So unless the Chinese government addresses the real issues, talks about my return to Tibet are irrelevant. This is an issue of six million Tibetan people. I am one of them. So naturally, like every Tibetan, I also have the responsibility to serve.

When your time comes, will you be buried at the Potala?

Most probably, if change comes and it is time to return to Tibet, my body will be preserved there. But it doesn't matter. If the airplane I'm on crashes, then finished! Follow bin Laden! [Laughs]

You have said that Chenrezig — the Buddha of Compassion, of whom all Dalai Lamas are reincarnations — had a master plan for the first and fifth Dalai Lamas. Do you think that the past 50 years of Tibetan history is also part of his master plan?

That I don't know. In the early Sixties, before the Cultural Revolution, I met Chenrezig in one of my dreams at the Jokhang Temple in Lhasa. There is a very famous statue of Chenrezig there. In the dream, I enter that room and the statue of Chenrezig is winking and asking me to come closer. And I am very moved. I go and embrace him. Then he starts one sentence, one verse. The meaning is: Keep persevering. The continuation of effort in spite of any obstacle. You should carry all your work in spite of difficulties and obstacles.

At that time, I feel happy. But now, when I think of that, I think that was advice from Chenrezig: "Your life will not be easy. Some difficulties. Quite long period. But no reason to feel discouraged." ☸

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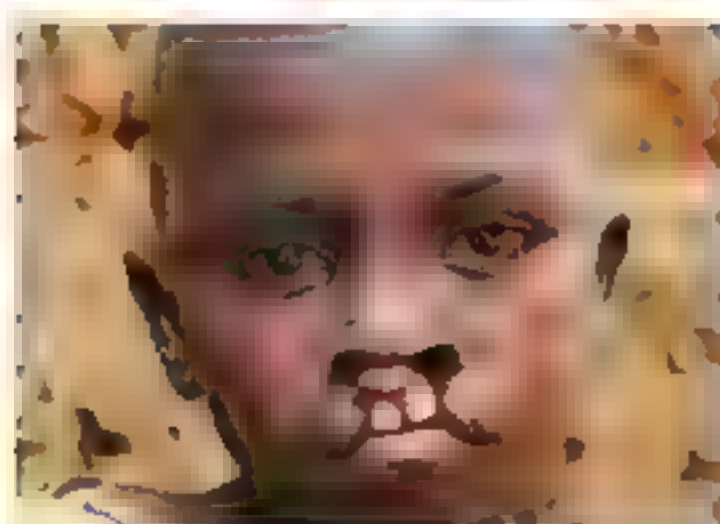
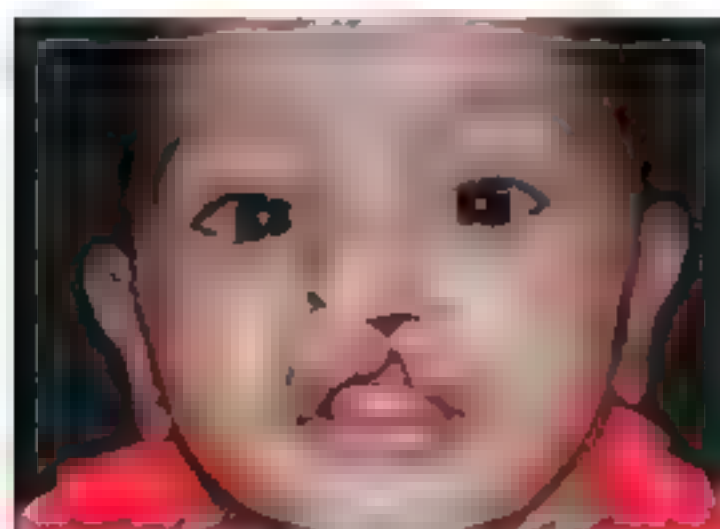
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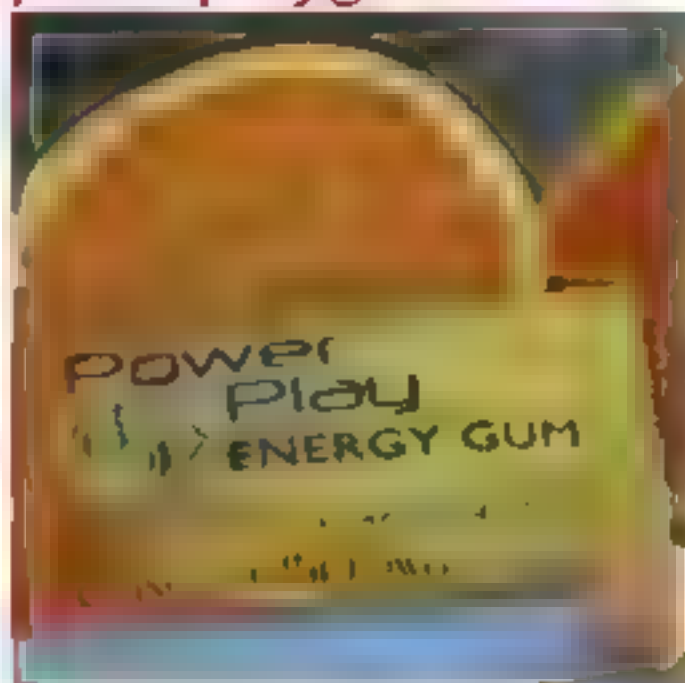
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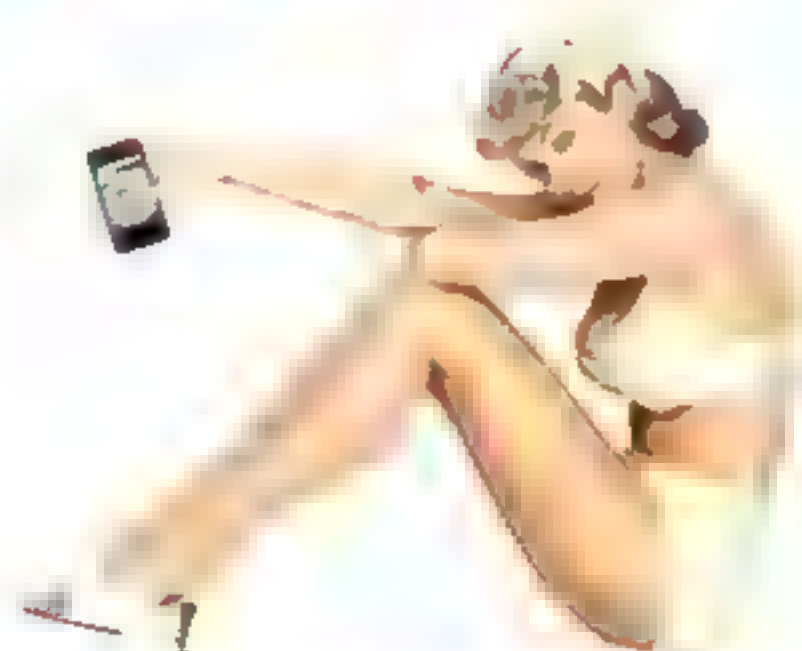
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ITUNES TOP 10 SONGS

- LMFAO**
"Party Rock Anthem" - Interscope
- Katy Perry**
"Last Friday Night (T.G.I.F.)" - Capitol
- Nicki Minaj**
"Super Bass" - Young Money/Cash Money/Universal Motown
- Pitbull**
"Give Me Everything" - Mr. 305/Polo Grounds Music/J
- OneRepublic**
"Good Life" - Mosley/Interscope
- Adele**
"Rolling in the Deep" - XL/Columbia
- Hot Chelle Rae**
"Tonight Tonight" - Jive
- Lil Wayne**
"How to Love" - Cash Money/Universal Motown
- Jason Aldean**
"Dirt Road Anthem" - Broken Bow
- Lady Gaga**
"The Edge of Glory" - Streamline/KonLive/Interscope

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COLLEGE RADIO TOP 10 ALBUMS

- Bon Iver**
Bon Iver - Jagjaguwar
- Cults**
Cults - Columbia
- Black Lips**
Arabia Mountain - Vice
- Battles**
Gloss Drop - Warp
- Arctic Monkeys**
Suck It and See - Domino
- Handsome Furs**
Sound Kapital - Sub Pop
- Dale Earnhardt Jr. Jr.**
It's a Corporate World - Quite Scientific
- My Morning Jacket**
Circuital - ATO
- Unknown Mortal Orchestra**
Unknown Mortal Orchestra - Fat Possum
- Givers**
In Light - Glassnote



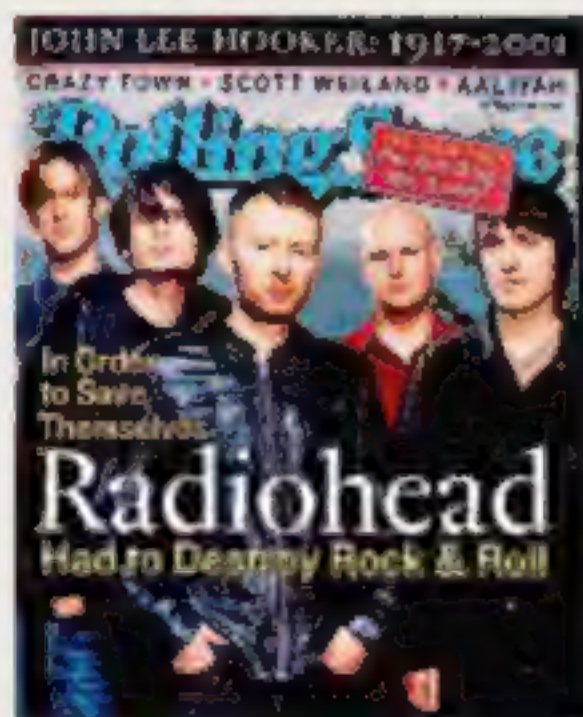
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From the Vault

RS 874, August 2nd, 2001

TOP 10 SINGLES

- Destiny's Child**
"Bootylicious" - Columbia
- Mariah Carey**
"Loverboy" - Virgin
- Blu Cantrell**
"Hit 'Em Up Style (Oops!)" - RedZone
- O-Town**
"All or Nothing" - J
- Usher**
"U Remind Me" - Arista
- Eve**
"Let Me Blow Ya Mind" - Ruff Ryders
- Train**
"Drops of Jupiter (Tell Me)" - Columbia
- Lifeshouse**
"Hanging by a Moment" - DreamWorks
- 112**
"Peaches & Cream" - Bad Boy
- Alicia Keys**
"Fallin'" - J



On the Cover

"[On Kid A and Amnesiac], I thought chords were boring. If anyone was playing a straight beat on a snare drum, I was like, 'Fuck this.' There is a certain state of mind I'm in when I write songs - it's like a bad virus. Everything is the wrong way up and inside out."

—Thom Yorke

Top 40 Albums

- 1** **Beyoncé**
4 - Parkwood/Columbia
- 2** **Adele**
21 - XL/Columbia
- 3** **Selena Gomez and the Scene**
When the Sun Goes Down - Hollywood
- 4** **Jason Aldean**
My Kinda Party - Broken Bow
- 5** **Bad Meets Evil**
Hell: The Sequel (EP) - Shady/Interscope
- 6** **Jackie Evancho**
Dream With Me - Syco/Columbia
- 7** **Jill Scott**
The Light of the Sun - Blues Babe
- 8** **Lady Gaga**
Born This Way - Streamline/KonLive/Interscope
- 9** **Big Sean**
Finally Famous - G.O.O.D./Def Jam
- 10** **Lloyd**
King of Hearts - Young-Goldie/Zone 4/Interscope
- 11** **Bon Iver**
Bon Iver - Jagjaguwar
- 12** **Justin Moore**
Outlaws Like Me - Valory
- 13** **NOW 38**
Various Artists - Universal/EMI/Sony Music
- 14** **Brad Paisley**
This Is Country Music - Arista Nashville
- 15** **Mumford & Sons**
Sigh No More - Glassnote
- 16** **Pitbull**
Planet Pit - Mr. 305/Polo Grounds/J
- 17** **Katy Perry**
Teenage Dream - Capitol
- 18** **Zac Brown Band**
You Get What You Give - Southern Ground/Boat/Bigger Picture/Atlantic
- 19** **Scotty McCreery**
American Idol Season 10 Highlights - 19/Mercury Nashville/Interscope
- 20** **Taylor Swift**
Speak Now - Big Machine
- 21** **Bruno Mars**
Doo-Wops & Hooligans - Elektra
- 22** **Adele**
19 - XL/Columbia
- 23** **Rave On: Buddy Holly**
Various Artists - MPL/Fantasy
- 24** **The Band Perry**
The Band Perry - Republic Nashville
- 25** **Nicki Minaj**
Pink Friday - Young Money/Cash Money/Universal Republic
- 26** **David Cook**
This Loud Morning - 19/RCA
- 27** **NOW That's What I Call Country: Volume 4**
Various Artists - Universal/EMI/Sony Music
- 28** **Lemonade Mouth**
Soundtrack - Walt Disney
- 29** **Wiz Khalifa**
Rolling Papers - Rostrum/Atlantic
- 30** **Gillian Welch**
The Harrow & the Harvest - Acorn
- 31** **Foster the People**
Torches - StarTime/Columbia
- 32** **Rihanna**
Loud - Def Jam
- 33** **Florence and the Machine**
Lungs - Universal Republic
- 34** **Eminem**
Recovery - Web/Shady/Aftermath/Interscope
- 35** **Lauren Alaina**
American Idol Season 10 Highlights - 19/Mercury Nashville/Interscope
- 36** **Blake Shelton**
Loaded: The Best of Blake Shelton - Reprise (Nashville)
- 37** **Haley Reinhart**
American Idol Season 10 Highlights - 19/Interscope
- 38** **James Durbin**
American Idol Season 10 Highlights - 19/Interscope
- 39** **Chris Brown**
F.A.M.E. - Jive
- 40** **Ledisi**
Pieces of Me - Verve Forecast



Queen B

Beyoncé celebrates domestic bliss on 4, which has sold a respectable 425,000 copies in two weeks despite lacking a smash single.



Evil Urges

Eminem squashed his beef with fellow Detroit MC Royce da 5'9" for a collab EP of acrobatic rhymes and twisted themes. It's sold 311,000 copies so far.



Fame Monster

Kanye protégé Big Sean got the MC's attention by impersonating a radio-station employee. It paid off: His LP, featuring West, debuted at Number Three.



King Harvest

After a dry spell, Welch unveiled her first LP since 2003. The stunning set pairs Appalachian melodies with Dave Rawlings' subtle guitar work.

00 Chart position on July 13th, 2011

00 Chart position on July 6th, 2011

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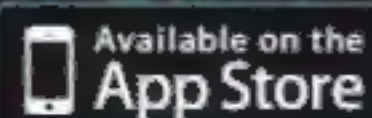
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